

Iran erupts

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 20, 1978

75¢



**The loved
and the lost:**
the plight of Canada's kids



A new blueprint for Canada: separate bedrooms for everybody—under one roof



By Peter C. Newman

Looking back at the first ministers' conference held earlier this month, I still find it more than slightly absurd that after some 111 years of Canada's existence, 11 more or less reasonable men should set themselves down before TV cameras to discuss whether or not we should continue as a nation. This is not something the citizens of any century-old country should debate. It is an anachronism they ought to exploit and expand.

Yet it's not much of an exaggeration to suggest that the joint committee set up at the conference's conclusion will decide whether this northern half of the American subcontinent has any future as a united entity. The long and painful process of fundamentally reworking Canada's constitution—the legal framework within which we live and govern ourselves—has finally begun in earnest.

What made this conference different from its predecessors was that Pierre Trudeau, for the first time in his life-long preoccupation with constitutional reform, allowed the division of powers to be given equal weight with patriotism and the search for an amending formula. In response, most of the premiers—notably David of Ontario, Haultain of New Brunswick, and Blakeney of Saskatchewan—behaved more like statesmen than village reveres. In one of those rare moments of civil illumination that sometimes catches a politician staring straight into the camera of history, René Lévesque revealed his true intentions. Caught short by the prime minister's unexpected flexibility,

the leader of the Parti Québécois dropped his surface amiability and in a passing moment of anger, barked at the cameras: "We're not here to make bargains. We're not here to do any trading."

Despite Lévesque's intransigence—or perhaps because of it—a fundamental rearrangement in the way this nation has been governed is now under way. Deep historical and psychological ties are carrying us into uncharted constitutional territory. Since the original compact of 1867 is being replaced, it's worthwhile recalling that the act of Confederation—which originally united Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with Upper and Lower Canada—was no grand design conceived in a canonade of patriots. Instead, the problems of each colony happened to mesh in a proper manner at about the same time, only in the sharing of economic burdens did there appear any hope of solution.

More than a hundred years later, we've begun to draft a new constitution (the sixth since 1793) which will help define some realistic middle ground between the status quo and Quebec independence. What happened in Ottawa during those three vital days of constitutional debates may have seemed bizarre. But they were a significant turning point, because the premiers outside Quebec as well as the federal authority managed to grasp the constitutional initiative. By the time the conference was over, it was possible to believe that even at the 38th century, law's quietie belonged to Canada (as we were promised) we may yet be able to talk ourselves into the 21st.

Macleans

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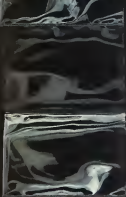
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Fame begins at 91

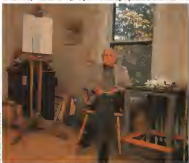
Barker Fairley is an elemental man who seems exempt from the vicissitudes of mortality. At 91, his spirit is as ebullient as champagne, and he has been spared the bodily and mental decrepitude which sometimes overtakes men far younger than he. His complexion is like rubbed ivory, his white hair as fine as corn silk. His blue eyes are bright and age has not dimmed his luminous intelligence. His speech is fluent and loud, rich with the low nasal sounds of his native Yorkshire.

As Fairley sees it, there are two main factors that have contributed to his longevity. "I have never done anything I knew I couldn't do, and since the age of 30 I have never been in a hurry. I haven't worked hard since my undergraduate days." Yet his output has been vast and varied. As a German scholar, during the 46 years he taught at the University of Toronto, he established an international reputation with classics such as *A Study of Goethe* (1947), and a fine, elegant translation of Goethe's *Faust* (1970). He founded *The Canadian Forum* in 1928 and nurtured the fledgling arts and literature movement as editor and writer for 15 years. As an art critic Fairley became a friend

and champion of the Group of Seven. Fairley has been painting for 47 years but has not yet removed the benediction of the Canadian art establishment, though his last show at the Maritime-Fredrick Gallery in Toronto last fall was a smash success, with every painting sold within hours. A new exhibition will open at the same gallery on

two are still living; Margaret died in 1967.)

In 1916 Fairley was appointed professor of German at the U of T. "I came to what was supposed to be a very dull city, and my intellectual, spiritual, and artistic life all began in Toronto," he now says. Fairley had no thought of becoming a painter himself until 1931,



Now 91 with about 40 pictures, mostly landscapes produced over the last two years.

Fairley's distinction as a literary scholar has been something of a hindrance to the art world, and his fashion in art periods is regarded him as nothing better than a talented amateur.

Fairley, who was born in Burnley, Yorkshire, in 1891, won a county scholarship to Leeds University, where he studied French and German. Later he spent three of his years at the University of Jena, in what is now East Germany, teaching English and studying German. In 1950 he came to Canada, and for five years taught German at the University of Alberta. He describes those years as "empty" and "unexciting" except for his meeting with Margaret Keeling, whom he married in 1914. (They had five children, of which

Fairley in his studio and (left) his wife in "Man on Yellow," a handful of pictures

when a friend called Robert Finch "pushed" him into it. "As soon as I started, within a year I'd got into oils and portraits as well as landscapes. It was all there in my head and I didn't know."

His landscapes are timeless and serene, reduced to essentials in the manner of Oriental art. They are simple with the simplicity of extreme sophistication. Fairley's pictures never lose with the aging colors of a Van Gogh. "I believe in the restricted palette," he explains, "two neutrals and two yellows." Yet his color harmonies are so subtle and pleasing that his landscapes have become immensely popular.

Fairley's portraits are in the opposite of official portraiture, which seeks to record a photographic likeness of the

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sitter. "I don't have to get a likeness," Fairley insists. "I hope I get the more life. It may do several portraits of the same person and get a different aspect each time." His portraits are executed in a style which is a modified cubism containing echoes of Wyndham Lewis and Modigliani. Fairley's method is analytical, an examination of structure. He uses his intelligence like a scalpel, dissecting the face before him in his search for "the inner life." His stark portraits may not be popular, but they are uncompromisingly truthful. And in those tragic, unseeing faces is written Fairley's slow grim commentary on the human condition.

Fairley is fully aware that while

Canada has a landscape tradition, it has no portrait tradition. "There's no public to receive any more than the conventional in portraiture, and that's a great pity." A book of Fairley's portraits, for which he has written the text, is to be published next spring, to coincide with his 50th birthday on May 31.

According to John Sommer, who has exhibited Fairley's work frequently in the Gallery House 861 in Georgetown since 1968, "Barker's portraits are also formally stunning in terms of abstraction and balance. He's not so much a portraitist as a reminder of intelligence, and in this he's a very modern painter."

There is an enviable completeness to

Barker Fairley's life. He lives in a comfortable house in Toronto with his devoted and supportive second wife Nan, 46, and paints in a second-floor studio overlooking the street. Having spent the summer in Prince de Peix, Ontario, painting landscapes ("I'm almost the first person to do these rural landscapes in a modern way. I would claim that for myself"), he intends to spend the winter painting portraits. "I can do portraits all I like, because every face is a new one. There are thousands of faces being born today and each will have a face that's slightly different from all other faces ever, and it's *brutal*! So painting faces is an endless excitement."

Hubert de Santarac

The gospel of polygamy and murder

A former murder trial did not begin in Utah but north in a creek again, following attention on the far left island practice of polygamy in the southwestern United States. Two followers of the self-proclaimed prophet Fred Leferson, a sales guide from the Mormon church, will be tried

for the murder last year of Rulon Alford, a Salt Lake City newspaper and leader of another polygamist sect.

Leferson, now 53, was born into a polygamist family (the father, an uncommunicative Mormon, later settled in Mexico) but "renounced the principle" (polygamy) and worked within the established Mormon church. He eventually returned to the faith, however, but was rejected by the then leader of the sect, his brother Joel, in 1970. He set up his own organization, the Church of the Lords of God, and declared himself a prophet with a God-given right to eliminate his enemies. He started by ordering the murder of Joel (for which he spent 14 months in a Mexican jail).

On May 30, 1977, his young "disciple" arrested Alford's office in the Salt Lake City offices of Murray and killed the doctor, firing two bullets into his chest. A witness in the waiting room noticed that one of the killers was wearing a wig and they actually have burnt a man. Two of Leferson's followers were tracked down and charged: Edward Mardon, 29, with murder, and Victor Chynoweth, 31, with conspiracy to murder. A conspiracy charge against Chynoweth, a sister Murray has been dismissed, but police are looking for another sister Rima (one of Leferson's wives) and Mardon's wife, Ramona, both of whom are accused of murder. Leferson, who threatened Alford repeatedly over the years, has



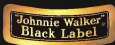
Leferson (above) and Murray and Victor Chynoweth, prophet now self and honor

also disappeared and there is some suspicion that he could be in Alberta or Saskatchewan.

Multiple marriages have been banned by the established Mormon church since 1890, but a number of so-called "fundamentalists" sects have continued the practice. It is estimated that there are currently between 20,000 and 30,000 polygamists in the U.S. Boyd Jentzsch, a Salt Lake City lawyer who was raised in a fundamentalist family and has represented several polygamists, says the upcoming trial has polygamists excited.

These people think that Rulon Alford was murdered because he was too visible, too much in the public eye. The mood now is just to keep your mouth shut.

But for the most part, the polygamists around Salt Lake City attract little attention from the law. "They are generally well-behaved people," says county clerk Alton David Young. "They don't get arrested for selling dogs or prostitution or even traffic violations." Catherine Fox



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Can I borrow the car? And \$2,000?

Mayor Jean Drapeau may thank of the Olympics as a feather in his cap, but only Betty Wyatt would actually wear one. In the nine years since she was elected mayor of St. John's under the banner "Vote for Wyatt, she won't be quiet," Doty has lived up to



her billing: she was wearing diamond pendants when Elton John was still in his teens, and only recently has she retired her customary, color-coordinated handbags in favor of robes and chums of offer for official functions. "I think people like to see me in them," she says.

And the mayor does get about. Last year, she (dis)abled and driver assigned to Wyatt cost the city \$2,000. The council responded by downgrading her car to a Chevrolet. Then, when the recently rung up a \$5,000 taxi bill as tag of this or one month, she was grounded: no car, no chauffeur, and a tax allowance of \$100 a month.

The offended mayor pointed out that her taxi bill was much higher, actually: she had spent an additional \$401.05 of her own on personal bills. "The rest were all on official business," she said. "If I'm called on to give a conversation to some other official event, it's always nice to have the mayor there."

The final, go-to-your-room-but-leave-your-hair-dresser-bag-out-on-Nor-1 when council decided its original opinion. Now, the car and driver have been reassigned to general duties, but with priority reserved for the mayor. So the car keys are back up on the hook—slightly out of reach. **Robert Plonka**

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George Steiner thinks!

Diluted is a natural black at first glance. George Steiner looks as if he might have spent the last 25 years in the cluttered back rooms of Geneva. Nothing could be further from the truth. The 58-year-old critic and English professor is a truly international figure: as at home in Chicago where he studied as he is in Cambridge or Geneva where he now divides his teaching year. His books (including *Language and Silence: The Death of Tragedy in Richard's Castle*, *After Babel*, and his book review for *The New Yorker*) have succeeded Edmund Wilson as principal critic. 32 years old, he has propelled Steiner into the circle of celebrated modern thinkers. Fluent in four languages, a prodigious reader, and now co-editor with Saul Bellow of a new *Kenyon Review*, Steiner has, wherever he travels, been a recently by senior writer Michael Palmer and Professor Arthur Leff of the University of

Toronto's *Wink* English department.

Maclean's: You have talked about the "strangeness" of the world. Do you see your work as an attempt to provide some kind of bridge between modern thought?

Steiner: I would like to be a mail carrier, yes. There is a wonderful remark by the poet Pushkin who says, "Please, save anyone the translator. He's the nightmare of human civilization." I think of myself at best as a translator, not just between different languages but between different disciplines and interests.

Maclean's: Are there books you wish to write but can't do so because of the cross of translation you face?

Steiner: As I get older, and when one is travelling and alone in hotel rooms, one gets very old very fast. I catch myself saying, "What do I look like for most at this moment?" And it is often now a piece of music. A few years ago, I would have said of course, a book or text. In the apartments of young people, where there would have been book shelves, there is the record shelf and record player. Now all around us are great domains of melody that are saying we are not broken, we are not properly linguistic, we are something else. We are the body in motion. We are mathematics in motion. We are music. If I were to switch on the latest hits, they would be heard in London and from a transistor in Vladivostok and I would bet my bottom dollar they will be heard in Peking before very much longer. All over this world people are coming together to make and listen to and move to music together.

Maclean's: You see this as a positive sign.

Steiner: Oh, tremendous, tremendous. No code has an exclusive right over human perception. I have a daughter who has just begun at Harvard, and the last night I had of her was in a large mixed group jogging down towards the Charles River. There are so many of them that the traffic has to stop. A serious, very powerful symbol. The car suddenly is impotent and looks very silly. It may be that we are coming back to Greek ideals of physical excellence being indispensable to human totality.

But there is a danger in the new epiphany. We are strong young people who say the creation will be in my home or with a small group of friends. With a chosen group, I will do my thing. Once you say that, you have closed the door on politics, and as a teacher, what has shocked and worried me is this turn away from public life. When I came to Cambridge some 20 years ago, the best were hoping to go into politics, that's why they were there. Now there is a premature, cynical *tristesse* where even the eldest students say it will make no difference. Nobody, however energetic, seems to be able to make a dent in the inhuman bureaucracy and corruption of our politics, so they think, what's the use. I will pitch my energy inward, and

Steiner: we're working out of utopian?

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an intimate situation. The film they go to see over and over again in Cambridge is *Julia*, which seems to incarnate for them the ideal of what I call intimacy or pastoral domesticity. That's the only advanced way I can put it. And the contempt for public life, cinema, and politics, is exceedingly dangerous because until the recent the things and the second-rate are moving very, very fast. In there a Western politician now for whom any one of us in this room would care to get up if he entered, as a gesture of respect? Presumably few.

There is this terrible feeling that what matters is at home. When I first came to Cambridge, if somebody was late with his soup, he'd say, "I apologise, I've been in London," either to attend a debate or to do something ambitious in public life. If I ask him now, why are you late, the student will usually say because my close friend is in trouble or is having serious stress and we've sat up all night to help him. And, by God, I admire that too. It would be the rudest impertinence not to, but it warms the hell out of me.

Maclean's: Do you feel that rather than interference in thought and reason, perhaps there are real social forces that one should be participating in?

Stoner: The problem seems to be that almost for the first time, there is no safety valve of a new utopia. Throughout history, one after another—in flames at the turn of the century, in the dream of a Spanish republic, in the spring of '68 in Prague—there seemed to be actual hopes for hope, where hope had come to power. Now the worst of my students, or the saddest, know that even Allende's Chile carried the seeds of violence right within itself. I don't know one young man who is off hitchhiking to Cuba in order to feel the oats of terror. I am very frightened if there is no point, or the horizon to which the human animal is looking, and saying "that's where it works"—what happens? I have the feeling that young people today are prematurely realistic. We seem to be in a straight-jacket of realism. And that's a dangerous condition.

Maclean's: Where will the next phase of intellectual influence develop?

Stoner: I would say the two great literatures are coming from Russia and Latin America. There are now 10, believe me, new Solidarnosc's, you will know them the next year and the year after. The suggestion here, and it's a most unpleasant one, seems to be that misery helps. The suggestion is that we don't do

terribly well on happiness; that the contributions of the New World may have been to let people, for the first time in history, lead decent, happy, humane lives. This is what God may have wanted for man, but it seems to be very bad for literature, for philosophy, great music, and art. It's a haunting possibility, isn't it, that human thought is a kind of cancer of the mind—that really first-class thought may be an unnecessary—a devouring passion. The world

of Galileo and Michelangelo, after all, had in it a tyranny and violence of over-seeing that we live to forget when we go through our museums. We don't smell the dark of it. Could it be that the reason Europe continues to produce far-outrageously, and it does, is attached to the tragedy of its history? If I'm asking questions here, the interview would be very unfair if it turned those into answers. Answers, we don't have. I'm just asking.

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Stamps for art's sake

In his article, *Le Dollar Despoisoné* (Oct. 9), David Thomas says "... Quebec's independent-best government displayed a series of mod-up postage stamps designed for an eventual—and presumably more valuable—Quebec postal service." I want to point out that these postage stamps are a remarkable result of academic work of art students of the Université du Québec à Montréal. The students wanted to create something original in the field of art, not to make a contribution to a political debate.

MICHEL FÉREUX
PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR
UNIVERSITÉ DU QUÉBEC À MONTRÉAL

A noble pregnancy

After reading *A Noble Experiment* that Did Not Work (Oct. 16), I feel that polluting back from biogestations now would be comparable to suffering eight months of difficult pregnancy and then having an abortion out of sheer resentment. We are over the hard part. Whatever harm the single foetus can do to national unity is largely done, and to give into that backlash would only compound the harm.

WILLIAM A. HYNDEN, DEN MILLS, ONT.

Henry in Disneyland

I read with interest your attack on Jimmy Carter's address to the 28th World Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce, *A Small Goo!* in Disney World (Oct. 16). I have to correct the statement that there were not many

jobs—Kissinger's entire introduction was filled with jobs. The saddest joke of all, however, concerned an outstanding Canadian economist who wanted to join English government, American efficiency and French culture in Canada. Canada mirrored American culture, English efficiency and French government.

NICHOLAS FODGE, PRESIDENT
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The Cinderella syndrome

Thanks for your article on Arthur von Herk, *Suddenly This Summer* (Oct. 2). It was delightful and uplifting—a true Cinderella story, from the magical beg to replacing the old car with a new



Von Herk: suddenly the huge are magical

sports model. Canada's future is assured when dreams of our youth can come true this way.

VERA SEIDEL, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

The letter of the law

William Casselman offensively calls law students "embyonic shysters," and "criminal hucksters willing to devour the flesh of their fellows," in his column, *Where are the Males of Tomorrow?* (Oct. 9). He also says lawyers "humble and overbearing frightened clients." Law students train to become lawyers, who go into business to make money. The practice of law is a business in which lawyers represent clients' interests, hopefully in the advantage of the client. Lawyers undertake this activity to earn an income. I sympathize with Casselman if he has had a problem with lawyers, but he should not make unsubstantiated remarks about the whole law profession.

ROSE H. HAYNES
MEMBER OF THE SCOTIA
BARISTERS SOCIETY, HALIFAX

In his discussion of the television show, *Paper Chase*, William Casselman says, "Hart's fellow law students are winning little prizes who mean that the work load is too heavy. Few lawyers will have the slightest pity for these embyonic shysters, their knowledge a few degrees in a license to huckster." Obviously Casselman has never spoken to anybody who has had the experience of going through the first year of law school. The kind of paper and persona portrayed in *Paper Chase* is indeed realistic. As a first-year student at Osgoode Hall Law School at York University in 1972, I was greeted with the statement that I should look to my left and then to my right and realize that only one of the three of us would graduate in three years. The work load was heavy and the pressure intense.

JOHN HUYLER, NEW LONDON, ONT.

William Casselman has achieved a postulate I say. He has reconstructed a column around the word "worry." Perhaps the name Mr. Casselman has never knocked a tray off a cafeteria table, but there is more than a little of the worry showing in his tasteless reference to Albert, mourning Queen Victoria. I look forward to reading another of his pieces—when he has something to say.

PATRICK SCORNBOROUGH, BURLINGTON, ONT.

Till death or kidnappers us do part

Dalia Segher and Denis Marchais were star-crossed lovers. Students at the University of Algiers, he was a French Christian from Morocco and she an Algerian Muslim, prohibited by the Koran and her own devout family from marrying outside the faith. In the stereotypical tradition of true love, however, the young couple found a way: they ran off and married in France in March, 1975. Later that year they settled in Montreal, far enough away, they hoped, from Dalia's angered and humiliated family. They were wrong.

Dalia was dragged and abducted by members of her own family last April 24 and flown back to Algeria, where she is still being held in the mountain village of El Eulens, 325 miles southeast of Algiers. Montreal police, the Quebec government, and federal authorities



Denis and Dalia Marchais in Montreal last winter: more than a family affair

have been working on the case ever since. "Family customs, traditions, cannot override our law," Prime Minister Trudeau declared of the case this summer. But in the absence of an extradition treaty with Algeria, there appears to be little the Canadian authorities can do.

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the apparent incapability of international law to deal with such kidnappings, have adopted the Machine case as a cause Working under the banner Le Comité pour la libération de Delfia Maschino, thousands of women held during situations on Oct. 26 at Algeria embassies and properties in Bonn, Rome, Paris, Geneva, Copenhagen, and Mexico City, as well as in Toronto and Ottawa.

For his part, Denis Maschino abandoned his PhD studies at McGill and spent more than a month this summer at the Atlantic Center in Washington, converting to the Muslim faith in the hope of being able to "rescue" his own wife, this time with the blessing of his family. "Did not Delfia say either sarcastically, 'It is my new wife. It is the masculine counterpart of Delfia'."

The patriarch of Delfia's family is her 55-year-old brother, Noureddine Zagher, a longtime impoverished fruit and vegetable dealer in the Algerian market who, over the decades, built an enormous business empire with hotels, properties, and commercial and industrial enterprises in North America and Europe. He also has two artists, Georges National and International, in the United States. Investigations of the abduction have shown that Zagher flew (as to Montreal's Dorval airport from Ohio last April 22) in his own private DC-8 jet. The next day while Denis was writing university exams, his wife left two suitcases at a restaurant, then accompanied them to a penthouse apartment restaurant in Montreal by Zagher. A witness at Dorval told police of seeing a woman parking a sleazy-looking Delfia in a wheelchair and assisting her. "I saw her get in an airport, you are in a hospital." The DC-8 took off early the next morning.

Since then there have been conflicting messages from Delfia. She has informed Canadian authorities through official channels that she wants to stay in Algeria with her family, and she has even accused her husband of blackmailing her. But she has also assured reporters who managed to contact her that she was kidnapped, and her husband is now she has been brainwashed by her family.

Canadian authorities insist the case is still open. Quebec's attorney-general, Marc-André Beaudin, says that in the absence of hard evidence (if a witness prepared to testify) he at least has "a moral conviction" that a crime was committed against Delfia Maschino. But the victim and her abductors are, at least for now, beyond the reach of the long arm of the law. **Barbara Legere**

Parlez-vous CBC? Mais oui!

Grillade or steak? Breaded veal stein? "What's breaded stein-let?" Tugging at his shaggy grey goatee, the 45-year-old Québec film-maker and actor Claude Jutra is punning his way through the muddled news of a Greek-eyed actress' hangout in downtown Toronto. He is reminded of a multi-faceted restaurant he had heard of in Istanbul, which listed on its menu a perplexing choice of "sauced cabbage" and "sauced potatoes."

Jutra smiles drily. He would have no belief that to someone like himself, Toronto is as foreign as Istanbul. In point of fact, though, Toronto has become—so it has for a number of other Montreal directors and performers—the second home and primary place of work. "It's a fact that no one is willing to invest in French-language films in Québec anymore," says Jutra. "There is just not a big enough market. Consequently, the Québec feature film industry shrunk from a high of 14 films made in 1976 to two in '78. This year, helped by an infusion of \$1.8 million

from the provincial Institut Québécois de Cinéma, there may be as many as five. There will not be a new film by Claude Jutra.

In his 30 years as a professional filmmaker, Jutra has managed to find backing for only four features. Despite international critical accolade—*Plus Qu'Une Femme* won eight Canadian Film Awards in 1971, and in 1973 *Ammonies* had the rare honor of a special Cannes screening—most turned track of a profit. "I had many more—that is my tragedy," says Jutra ruefully. "I don't even talk about new projects anymore—it gives a lot of heartbreak."

The issue reflects more emigration than ignorance. Jutra is simply finding facts—and creating up the trouble a distinguished Québec director and noted Québec cineaste (Lévesque's heel-dragging cultural policy hasn't alienated Jutra—"If I were René Lévesque, I'd would not be my first priority") who can only get work in Toronto in English.

Jutra is now doing post-productions



Jutra in his role as a priest in the film "Two Soldiers"; the other end of the tape

work on his third English-language drama for the CBC, an adaptation of a Maugham. Earlier short story film co-dramaturg, film and television producer, inspired actual news (always at a premiere in the halls of CBC) among his TV col-



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language. *Drumspooler* was named best TV drama of 1973.

But recently, Jutra has been getting back to basics, doing *Commedia dell'Arte* at Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille with four young Montreal students. He has been hurling himself around the stage in a restyling re-creation of this medieval, heavily theatrical



A bawdier Jutra (top) romps around on a Toronto stage in *Commedia dell'Arte*.

form like "Theatre Peppercorn" is all sexual japes, skirts-over-the-head tumbling and outpicks the rate of snarmer sausages warring in the air—a departure from the oblique, sly, almost self-indulgent nature of his dramatic film, but another sign of his personality, too. [The physical nature of the performances has its dangers, however, and show had to be cancelled when the stage child went stray and an enterprising actor was bitten on the groin.]

If he is in a kind of professional exile, it is in a busy one, with acting roles in the CBC's newest adaptation of Molière's *The Wolf*, the upcoming *Final* (in which Jutra plays a sympathetic trial witness), and a supporting role in the film *Two Solitudes*. And he is by no means alone away from home. Gilles Carle, whose stylishly erotic film *Le Ziv de Normandie* Schalker did nearly go over its star Carole Laure into a European cult figure, has done two English-language projects for the CBC recently. Claude Fournier, director of the biggest Quebec money-maker, *Des femmes on en*, is moving to Toronto to prepare a new comedy series called *It's re the duo*. "In a trade as expensive as this," says the pragmatic Fournier, "if you can't produce in your own language, it doesn't matter. Culture goes deeper than language." **BRUCE FROST**

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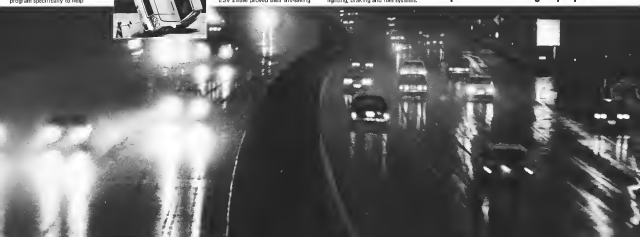
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[illegible]

BACARDI rum

NOVEMBER 20, 1978

Tired of the image of the jolly jogger? Sick of bearing the patter of his pom-pom feet; his claims of being a better lover, flatter and all-around human being? Sounds as though *The New Yorker's Book* is just what you've been waiting for. The book, a 114-page spoof by American authors Vic Ziegel and Lew Grossberger (soon to be released in Canada) takes a healthy swipe at the jogging craze, quailing such authorities as

Chairman Mao who said, "Down with the running dogs of capitalism," and Calvin Coolidge, who valiantly announced, "I do not choose to run." Also included are such chapters as: Non-Runner's Diet (Eat all you can No one ever died of stomach aches) and Where Celebrity Non-Runners Non-Run (The Beach Boys. Do we non-run? We do non-run de do non-run).

Although the Rocky Mountains have provided Hollywood filmmakers with a natural backdrop for such movies as *Little Boy Blue*, *Silver Streak* and *Superman*, when it came to polishing the product in its second stage, the moviemakers packed up and went home. No longer. Tri-Studio Studios, a consortium of California business executives, is investing \$80 to \$100 million in a project that will turn Calgary into a Hollywood North. Included in the venture is construction of an 8-million-sq-ft sound studio, plans for two Las Vegas-style hotels and a film lot at the University City. Tri-

40

They are punished and disciplined as babies and as children they are discriminated against in just about every walk of life. Canada's seven million kids have few rights under the law. They are seen as dependent, incompetent possessions, to be seen and not heard. In fact, a three-year study, *Adolescents Restrained: The Child as Citizen in Canada*, accuses Canadian society of viewing children as "sacred pests." The report is not another goodie-goodie study conducted by a former left of neo-conservative. Rather, it was written by a group of 11 respected parents have raised their young. *Adolescents Restrained* will certainly spark debate and perhaps rebellion. That should finally prompt Canada to take steps to give our children

The Shah of Iran isn't the only person concerned with the recent series of strikes and riots in that country. Various bankers and businessmen who've prospered in the future of Iran are also horrified at



A man called "Dr. X" is rapidly becoming West Germany's best-known consultant—yet nobody knows his identity. The

anonymous doctor, who answers questions on sex problems over the phone (final issue 79-3338), is a service provided by the Volkshochschule, a people's university specializing in adult extramural studies in the Ruhr. With Germany's popular press hot on the trail of discovering the identity of Dr. X and with the sex phone ringing off the hook, a spokesman explained the phone's popularity: "It removes barriers for people who shy away from face-to-face consultations."

Maclean's

The loved and the lost:
the plight of Canada's kids

Canadian News 23

byers From Member Signs Initiates In Canada
rounds and pitches for support: roundest spem-
lon to the spread of the. John Starnes leaves little
ask less as the McDonald commotion. the great
paradeup. Cusack at their: better to keep a
job after 85: forest fire in Wollendend — employ-
ment in a matchbox: a child-killing bear causes
flee as a court

World 30

the White House. There's foot in the door, new primer for Portugal, praise in the Emerald Isle.

Business 44
Alberta's Herds Fundheads for \$10 billion, call
new president answer Petrocan and Pacific Pulp
gold price drop turns game, bank reassessment
with low in 1992

Sports In one week, three of the greatest athletes in Canadian history quit—Gobby Orr, Bobby Hull and Ron Lapointe.



Canadian News

Menachem Begin on the road: The misunderstandings remain

By Michael Posner

I had promised to be little more than diplomatic politeness—a routine good-will tour from which both sides would emerge with modest gifts. But by the time Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin ended his stocky official visit to Canada on Sunday, the political definition of "routine" had changed dramatically. Of course, Begin's frantic post-hoc days began at 9:30 a.m. and rarely ended before midnight—had less to do with Canadian policy in the Middle East than with the faltering Arab-Israeli peace talks in Washington. Despite a heavy mound of engagements in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto, Begin was in almost constant contact with his negotiators. With the delicate fabric of the draft peace treaty starting to unravel, his spokesman Defense Minister Ariel

Sharon and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan to Toronto for a pre-Sabbath summit. As Begin flew to New York for a meeting with U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, the future of the historic Camp David accord seemed in serious jeopardy.

Still, the near collapse of the peace talks was not the only reason Begin would remember his visit to Canada—his first as prime minister and his first with Pierre Trudeau. At Updell's airport in Ottawa, nearly a fifth of the city's Jewish community (about 16,000 strong) turned up to welcome him. It was the warmest reception accorded a political visitor there in several years. Begin had hoped to acknowledge the applause with a short speech, but Trudeau discouraged the idea and instead led Begin through the crowd, shaking hands, kissing babies and at one point joining

in the singing of a Hebrew folk song, *Shalom Aleichem*.

Afterward, at a 3½-hour "luncher working dinner" at 88 Sussex Drive, Begin explained the Israeli position to Canadian officials. It was, and one who attended, like hearing a lecture in history—eloquent, enlightening, but fully not persuasive. Indeed, at one point, Trudeau asked Begin whether Israel's refusal to cede control of West Jerusalem, where the Arabs still consider occupied territory, wasn't simply unworkable. The question was put cogently, but it revealed a chasm of understanding that freshly disturbed the Israelis.

The next morning, in a private 40-minute tête-à-tête, Begin urged Trudeau to strike a bold, independent foreign policy, as he had done in 1937 with Chamberlain, by recognizing Jerusalem as Is-

rael's capital. Trudeau's disappointing response, not new. Still, one senior Canadian official: "When will Canada recognize Jerusalem? The day after the American do."

Whatever their political differences, the two men were awfully friendly and praised each other loudly. When the Israeli leader asked the PM to pay a return visit to Jerusalem—"our capital city"—Trudeau explained that he was facing a general election next spring, but added "hashaleh," an Arabic phrase meaning "God willing."

Policy differences, however, did not substantially reduce the few bilateral issues affecting the two countries. There was no progress on granting landing rights to Tsuraco for El Al, Israel's national airline, but Canada is willing to maintain and even expand (with United Nations approval) its emergency peacemaking force in the Middle East, and it is prepared to consider additional imports from Israel to help offset that country's \$6.5-million balance of payments deficit with Canada. The Trudeau government also promised to introduce its long-awaited anti-boycott legislation, which will make it mandatory for companies doing business with Arab countries to report any attempts to interfere with Israeli trade.

Begin was more successful with his journey's other objective: raising money. In public and private meetings in three cities, Begin helped persuade Canada's wealthiest Jews to pledge some of their millions to Israel. Besides promoting the annual Israel bond and United Jewish Appeal campaigns, Begin hopes to raise another \$600 million from Diaspora Jews to finance a \$1.5-billion international project at home.

Whether Begin was in Canada, he was well guarded. A team of eight Mossad security agents (legally carrying pistols and equipped with sophisticated person-to-person hand radios), between 30 and 40 RCMP officers, as well as municipal police forces cleared Israel's security, guided luggage, employed bomb-sniffing dogs, manned side entrances and checked hotel-kitchen personnel for political affiliations. The security was intense but unobtrusive.

What was conspicuous was the absence of Quebec Premier René Lévesque at a Montreal luncheon for Begin, hosted by Marc Lalonde. Fleeting the excuse of cabinet meetings in Quebec City, Lévesque dispatched a well-meaning but ineffectual aide who may have been aimed partly at Ottawa. It also confirmed that the PQ—having already alienated Jewish interests in the province—did not wish to compound the error by disaffiliating Arab interests as well.

Begin took little if any notice of the

result, although the next day in Toronto he did notice pro-Arab placards and demonstrators outside the Sheraton Centre Hotel, one of a state dinner in his honor. "I read the placards," Begin told an audience of 1,500. "It and 20,000 is racism. Mr. Prime Minister, we were the first victims of racism." By noon, nonetheless, the dinner was held on the 80th anniversary of Kristallnacht, the night Nazis burnt Jewish synagogues and homes in Jewish quarters throughout Germany.

Although the Begin visit achieved few substantive results, it gave Trudeau an opportunity to do some early election

The Nation

Be sure your SIN will find you out

Toronto poet Wally Kiefer has a haunting gripe about his social insurance number: "No one regards me as Wally Kiefer anymore," he complains. "I'm just 422 982 050." So back in January, 1973, Kiefer and some friends mailed such other messages addressed only with a SIN number, house or apartment number and postal code. Their self-styled "Orwell Connection" scored when two RCMP officers tracked Kiefer down through his list. When the story became an issue last fortnight during the McDonald Report Commission investigation into their wrongdoings, Kiefer's "poetic event" did much to rehabilitate public discontent over this extended pre-paid day use of the SIN cards.

Oppositionists and civil libertarians argue that SIN has gone far beyond its original intent since it was introduced in 1964. Then, the card was meant only to aid in administering Canada's unemployment insurance and pension schemes. Today, some 45 federal services use SIN as the prime identifier in their data banks. Since 1974, the criminal investigations branch of the RCMP has had access to about 1,600 "residential" social insurance and unemployment records (taxation files kept by federal officials for SINs are comprehensive). The Saskatchewan Lions Club's 84 high-school students, for instance, needed SIN cards to travel on a federal exchange program to Nova Scotia last summer. The Metric Commission refuses to mail forms for re-certifying data to metric until a sex number is provided. Holders of Canada Savings Bonds must supply SINs when cashing coupons, or 35 per cent will be held back. That penalty can be reversed at interest tax time—but, of course, tax forms

campaigning in Jewish communities. Activists everywhere were impressed by his apparently genuine concern for Israel—he called it "a noble and lasting experience in human history"—and by his ability to sing *Habibah*, the Israeli anthem, but they are not sure all that will have impact at the ballot box.

As for Ministers ("The Cossacks") Begin, the 65-year-old former leader of the Inghen conceded to friends that the trip had gone about as expected—except for the developing crisis in Washington which, despite his pressing Canadian agenda, was probably and properly the chief focus of his concerns.



SIN cards for all Ottawa contractors, private high-schools and P.E.I. babies

must bear \$100 too." The use of SIN has been so extended as to become a de facto national identity card, despite government assurances to the contrary," says Terry 807 St. Hyacinthine.

Plaza once even caused for SIN's universal use within all departments and agencies at all levels of government. That intention was revealed in an internal Unemployment Insurance Commission memo dated Aug. 27, 1971, and filed with the McDonald inquiry. Although Prime Minister Trudeau has not publicly stated SINs, mounting political pressure has so far forced the federal government to back off pressing its grand to enforce elsewhere. The real danger is the over-spreading use of SIN, says Toronto computer codebreaker Alan Kirsch at the Canadian Information Processing Society, in that it will become, in computer lingo, a "unique identifier"—that is, the key to linking information from any data bank to another and eventually tracing a person's life from birth to death. Even now the tech-

ology exists. "The biggest problem with all this computer evidence is that nobody knows what's happening," Polak says.

Despite such fears, the practical and nonconscience advantages of using a number instead of a name have stopped up its use in the private sector. Police use easily traceable property if it is the owner's not entered in it, as is insured by many banks and department

stores in identification, partly because the 5,000 daily requests for car serials that reach Ottawa Central Index are so carefully screened. Even the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association wants its 245,000 members to carry the card. The Ottawa Journal runs a weekly contest using stats, and prints all the winning numbers. To prevent misuse of 90, Employment and Immigration Minister Paul Cullen is drafting new

guidelines, now present-day policies on the privacy provisions of 94 are scattered and often not clear. These are mostly restricted to public use, though expected to underpin the rules will not turn the clock back to the simpler days of 1968. Any such drastic revisions, warns Cullen, would create "absolute administrative chaos." These warnings about Big Brother are bound to persist.

Andreas Lubrecht

Ottawa

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil

OTTAWA'S no-noise intelligence officer who drops Latin phrases with the grace of falling leaves, put he was automatically "had" at all the more code words. He was ambassador in Germany during the Cold War and in the Middle East during the 1967 Six-Day War, but as head of the Security Service he says he didn't "know one end of a microphone from the other." In fact, John Kenneth Starnes, now 60, didn't seem to know much about anything that went on inside the Security Service, which he headed between 1970 and '73—and he didn't much want to cure. As Starnes told the McDonald inquiry on the RCMP in Ottawa last week, "I didn't expect someone to come to me with an operational problem, and they didn't."

In an account of his stewardship which, at 60, seemed smaller, that life, the Montreal amateur depicted himself as a concerned public servant peering his way through the "bureaucratic jungle" he testified—with the frequent qualification, "to the best of my knowledge"—that he was not informed about a host of allegations of illicit or illegal secret activities during his tenure and opening a "black bag" job as left-wing offices in Montreal in 1952, a burn-burning and theft of documents in Quebec, a fake terrorist conspiracy which even fooled some Montreal, and strong-arm attempts to recruit informers.

Under protection that his evidence can't be used against him in the courts, Starnes testified that there was only one allegation now before the inquiry which he approved—Operation HAV, the clandestine 1973 renewal of Parti Québécois membership rolls. Several evidence released last week by the commission after Starnes's day-and-a-half as the stand indicated the same

"HAMMERS" would have been more appropriate.

The in-crowd evidence taken last May from Hansard Draper, the former officer in charge of six operations, indicates that the Mounties launched HAV in hopes of proving that hostile foreign powers had contributed more than \$250,000 to the PQ and that separatists had infiltrated the army and police forces, including the RCMP. Starnes has testified that HAV was started after a tip from an official in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's Privy Council Office. But the operation bombed. There was no indication of any foreign financing and the in-force stock of computer printouts made it impossible to cross-check PQ members against all the suspected government security name. The PQ in effect, had no many members.



Starnes (and lawyer Veronica Perle) a notable ignorance about microphones

Despite six years of effort involving over 30 Mounties, Draper eventually ordered the code "busted" because no possession of such "dangerous" documents, if revealed, would have been seen as interference with a legitimate political party. In 1975, Trudeau, having learned of HAV's results, ordered the PQ to stop investigating the PQ. "Well," Starnes summed up last week, "you see, you lost some."

Starnes, the first civilian to lead the PQ, also lost out in an attempt over four months in 1980 to persuade the Trudeau government to do something about protecting its operations where anti-terrorist assignments involved the law. Starnes referred to a 1969 Royal Commission report that noted, "a security service will inevitably be involved in actions that may contravene the spirit, if not the letter of the law." Starnes added, "Anyone who read that report would be an idiot if he had not realized there were difficult problems in this area." But and "a world lack of interest," Starnes said, the government did nothing.

The result, Starnes indicated, was that the PQ was ordered by the Trudeau

government to dig up information on Quebec separatists, but received no guidelines about targets and tactics. As a result, Starnes added, "there were certain requirements which were laid upon the Security Service by the government which could only involve surveillance entry." The client bar, however, rejected Starnes's view as a public release was an implied admission that ministers of the government lacked their imposed abilities. "I do not see how you can avoid hitting the back stop with ministers," Starnes told Chairman David McDonald, who asked about possible reforms.

Starnes walked with anger when Commissioner Guy Gilbert suggested he had kept himself intentionally uninvolved about operations. "There is no way that I accepted the duty or the threat that I did not want to know." But, as Gilbert pointed out, that was not the impression of an ex-officer in Montreal who was asked in 1972 to explain why Starnes was not informed before the leak in the office of three left-wing groups, including the Agence de Presse Libre du Québec (APLQ). "It was our understanding," the Telex to Ottawa stated, "that Mr. Starnes did not want absolutely an being informed before the fact." Replied Starnes, "If my message did not get across to him, that is my bad, but I can only tell you what I thought I thought at the time."

Starnes also rejected suggestions of political motives in a message he sent just before the 1973 federal election to the PQ office in Montreal after the arrest raid (Operation HADRON). Starnes's colored cable noted that he was "completely critical" that he was not informed "in advance of such actions in the pre-election situation." After repeated verbal deals with Starnes, Gilbert finally demanded, "Let's grab the evil by the neck. Were you afraid that the [Federal] Liberal party would collapse if a thing like that became known?" Starnes replied that his grand father had been a large strong Liberal MP but shot back, "I couldn't care less if the Liberal party failed in this particular situation. What I was talking about was where the Security Service or its activities became the subject of a political controversy and, therefore, would damage the work of the Security Service."

Gilbert looked at Starnes and Starnes replied, "Do you not understand me?" Gilbert, "No, I don't." Starnes, "Well, I'm sorry." Shortly after, presided by Commissioner Chief Counsel John Howard, the public questioning of Starnes adjourned for at least a week of in-camera evidence on secret government documents which, finally, may shed some light on who said what to whom.

Robert Lewis

Sacred art in profane hands

THE name of the stone church is ironic: Ange-Garden (Garden Angel). Once a refuge for late religious refugees dating back to New France, Ange-Garden and dozens of other churches have been pilged by a Philadelphia trade in sacred objects that has implicated parish priests, prominent politicians and respected North American museums. Now, in a quiet court action, Ange-Garden parish priests are trying to recover 10 20th-century, carved and painted altarpieces valued at \$100,000 that found their way into the Montreal Gallery of Canada, the Musée du

parapet to antique dealers. Only days after his embossed testimony in court last week, he died without revealing what he had done with the money. Grand priest Marc LeDuc and parish council, left with a church involved in a style reminiscent of a chateau-and-abbey kitchen used the court to arrest his intentions.

Museum curators point out that the church made life effort to enforce its own canon law and that museums everywhere are packed with once-sacred art. Moreover, argue the museums, Quebec's religious art has long been prized by grant-peddling collectors and not otherwise. Two of the disputed Ange-Garden statues, for example, could no longer stand on their tattered bases since, left outdoors for years,



Quebec's first church built from the France of Louis XIV to Expo 87...

They had been used as a surprise for the church by parish dogs.

A small network scandal which surfaced last month revealed, however, that museums are not an entirely secure repository of public treasures. Two days before the Montreal election defeat in 1978, a pair of antique plates worth \$2,300 and belonging to the Musée du Québec were stolen from a display in the national assembly building.

André, peaking disapprobation, discovered only the year, said that of the first church built in Canada—a heavy and profane gift of Louis XIV which expropriated from Quebec's pavilion at Expo 67. And police have only recently begun to investigate the disappearance in the early 1980s of antique woodwork, during restoration of Quebec City's Place Royale. The watchdog's list is widely believed to lead to the renowned insurance of an exceedingly prominent Liberal friend.

David Thomas

The guns of November

In Saint John a war veteran's victory medal pinned an aged revolver out of a cubbyhole in her house. In Niagara near Ottawa, police are buying ultra-modern with an automatic Soviet IZD AK-47 semi-automatic rifle, a trained cop by an Armed Forces officer who had lost it as a Vietnam souvenir. And in Hull, Quebec, a youth rushed into a police station with a home-made Murchison's wooden sticks attached by a metal chain—an anti-law-abiding leaving his name.

Canadians are carrying hundreds of actual weapons to the cops during this unprecedented home Armed Month. For worried police, the campaign is not only a success but an alarming reminder of how

Costable Walter Crivello and Joseph B.C. weapon had boys in the attic



more unregistered or prohibited weapons have been suddenly surfaced lately. One boy in the attic by Ottawa law-abiding club called "I had in the back of my mind that there were a lot of guns out there, but I was afraid to believe it," says Sergeant Bob Egan in Saint John. "Now I can't even more about."

Federal officials hatched Armed Month to allow citizens to legitimate unregistered guns and to dispose of prohibited weapons without fear of prosecution for possession. Penalties technically can range between a fine and up to five years in jail for failure to return. Since last January when other federal cops have come into effect. Hundreds of Canadians have been inadvertently trapped on the wrong side of the law since weapons requiring registration now include not only handguns, but

semi-automatic center-fire rifles and shotguns with barrels shorter than 16½ inches. Prohibited weapons include fully automatic weapons not registered before January 1975, swept off shelves, switchblade knives, and a variety of martial arts weapons. The gun-control working group of the solicitor general's department in Ottawa launched the program in a \$325,000 blaze of publicity and should be for any possible—excluding a charge of ironic but deadly perversities.

Indeed, the response has been largely from ordinary Canadians rushing out World War memorabilia. It was Glen coming in, says Toronto Brown's registration advisor. Some Indians, who had already taken about more than 300 weapons. People have had these in their homes for years and simply did not know what to do with them. For police, the massive public response to the so-called anti-campaign has been a welcome reversal of a law when five-arm handcocks increased by 27 per cent from 1972 through 1979.

Opposition of the amendment helps has

been left to provincial attorneys-general who are expected to retain at least some of the five-arms for official purposes such as in law-enforcement laboratories. Collectors will not be compensated for prohibited weapons, but antique and rare items may be distributed to authorized owners. The non-registered weapons—either owned or sold apart by unlicensed owners.

And then there was the novel suggestion from Francophone Brother Bernard Dany of Lussigny, Saskatchewan. Noting the biblical words into plowshare to abandon, he recommended officials follow the lead of his wife, Angèle, in 1978, who collected nearly 2,000 guns after the 1968 amendment of Senator Ross Kennedy. They later melted them down to produce a statue of their priest saint Francis at Assisi.

Alan G. G.

Bureaucracy

Not going gentle into the night

If you still need me, will you still need me when I'm old, says the Beatles a decade ago, but for a growing number of Canadians the more relevant age is 65.

For instance, a machinist at Waplesco, a bus-building firm in Winnipeg, and another in the provincial Human Rights Commission when the company ordered him off the job at the three some years and five. A special board, appointed by the provincial attorney-general, ruled last year that such mandatory retirement is the sole self-campaign and not transfer to the Human Rights Act. But the bus firm had to back down.

Now a reported government employee in Manitoba is fighting the system and refusing to be branded as redundant for mere chronological considerations. Anthony Newport, deputy registrar and clerk of the Manitoba Court of Appeal, earning \$96,480 a year, was supposed to retire Oct. 31. Instead, he showed up for work the next day at his usual early morning time of 7:30 a.m.—but on a bear letter, so did an official of the attorney-general's department, who told Newport he no longer had the power to sign court documents and warned him that if he didn't clear out on application would be made for an application preventing him from entering the province. Newport left quietly, saying he'd be back to fight another day. And he's doing just that.

The law in question is the provincial Civil Service Act, which sets 65 as mandatory retirement age for public employees. Newport's lawyer, Harvey Polack, says the act is in direct conflict with the Manitoba Human Rights Act and if necessary they'll go to court to prove it. That could be a battle for the government because Newport might eventually find himself up before his own court. Earlier this year four judges of the Manitoba Court of Appeal endorsed a letter to the attorney-general asking that Newport be allowed to work beyond age 65, describing him as "the best clerk of the court that we've had for many years." And the twenty-five in the sympathetic judges themselves don't face retirement until age 70. Moreover, Newport (who has already retired twice) has the money that was in 1966 after 35 years with the court's funds he had originally planned to quit the court at 65 but changed his mind after the judges asked him to stay. "I felt I'd given them my word to

continue and I never go back on my word."

The Manitoba Human Rights Commission refused to hear Newport's case because at says the provincial Civil Service Act takes precedence over the Human Rights Act, it further argues that last year's government giving the bus company back his job was only to the private sector. As in other words, provincial rulings apply to everybody but the provincial government.

Polack says the next step is the Court of Queen's Bench to try to force the commission to hear the case. And were his 60-year-old client feels equally fit to clerk a court or fight in one, if necessary they'll take their case to the Supreme Court in Ottawa.

Peter Carlyle-Godwin



The searching duty by Newport? He says he won't be four judges his weight!

Last week, 1,000 miles east of Winnipeg, another family "retired" civil servant was trying to fight his way through bureaucratic red tape and get his job back. Curtis Brewer's office was not being too old (he's only 48), but being too political. The day after he was defeated in his bid as an NDP candidate in New Brunswick's Oct. 23 election, Brewer was suspended from his duties as a customs officer at the U.S. border crossing near Woodstock, and a few days after that he was fired.

A self-described "nonparty activist" who is a school board member as well as president of the local NDP riding

association, Brewer had long planned to run provincially when the chance came, although he had no real hope of winning—the NDP has never elected a member to the provincial house. He also knew that under Section 33 of the federal Public Service Employment Act he should formally seek permission to engage in political activity, and did so 10 days after the election was called Sept. 10. He requested his request for leave without pay as a mere formality. "I couldn't imagine that they would ever refuse me," he says. They did, though, but official notice didn't reach him until a week before the election—by which time he felt it was a little late to withdraw.

Brewer admits he was worried during the campaign that his job might be in

properly, but protests. "It is no unjust law—I just can't believe Section 33 is designed to control the political activities of anybody like me." The government told him, however, that it couldn't be certain his usefulness as a customs inspector would not be impaired by his candidacy. Said Brewer sarcastically, while preparing a formal grievance against his dismissal last week, "I guess they thought it was better to let Steven go, but not Liberals or Conservatives."

David Folster

British Columbia

A fiery wrinkle in Welfareland

Port Wares, a tiny Indian village dug into the banks of the Finlay River 800 mountains miles north of Vancouver, has its own idea of a government make-work project. Unfortunately for the citizens, the law calls it arson.

The current outcrop, which may not be resolved even an Appeal Court next month, began July 5 as British Columbia's boldest under the bottom-up summer in recent memory, and forestry water-keeper across ship Battle-of-Britain style in bushfires next to their aircraft. A forest fire ripped through 14 acres of prime timber 18 miles outside of Port Wares and village residents were engaged up to fight it, after five days and \$37,000 spent on water bombing, chemicals, helicopters, supplies and wages, the fire was out. Berna Seymour, an unemployed 19-year-old, fired up happily beside his neighbors collected his bed for helping fight the fire. That nine days later he was in provincial court in Mackenzie, 180 miles to the south, pleading guilty to arson. The shy, soft-spoken Indian said he started the fire as "a protest action."

John K.S. Maers, a veteran of the rough-and-tumble northern B.C. forest courts, asked for a pre-sentence report on Berna Seymour and general life in Port Wares (pop. 300). Wares, as bush pilots call it, was described by RCMP Sgt. Ken Dierksen as "a typical Indian village giving us no more or no less trouble. A number of times, a few shovels." Native court worker Ken Peters said Wares suffers from its almost stone Age isolation. The trading post radiophone is the only regular contact with the outside world. Mail comes later a month by bush plane, supplies by riverboat when the Finlay is passable. The school was closed down in September when the town was cut off from the village, taking the last local health care with them after reportedly receiving threats against their safety. Ninety per cent of income is from government grants and welfare. The next income source trapping and occasional goldmining. Berna says he was the summer clearing debris from giant Lake Winitia, created in 1968 when B.C. Hydro flooded the Finlay, Tarnap and Peace river valleys by building the W.A.C. Bennett dam. That source of income is literally invisible, says the judge that caused trapping. In April 1975, the department of Indian affairs had to ar-



Water-skiing is a favorite for the B.C. Coast Guard summer sponsored water-skiing project.

With 2,500 pounds of groceries into the village when a poor trapping season and depleted welfare money left residents close to starvation.

—Laurie R. King, The Judge's Daughter

Who is keeper of the bears?

It was early on a golden evening in July 1977 that the Musser family was hiking along the banks of Cameron Creek in Alberta's Waterton Lakes National Park. All Musser was in their son and his husband Paul was attending to two fishing lures when he heard spurring from the spot where his daughters, Phillipa, 8, and Allison, 5, had been making their last in the water. Paul Musser dropped everything and ran to find the girls—but only Phillipa was there. My hair took away, she screamed. Musser ran into the brush. A few yards later he found Allison, bleeding, lying on her spine bitten through "Daddy Daddy" she sobbed. It was a big black bear—and I can't let my baby die.

The western slake grey halibut of the Big Horn provincial court could scarcely have been a common with the wilderness of Waterton Lakes. Yet this week in a court room off those halibut, the last day in the life of Allison Musser is being solved. Last years representing the Musser family and those representing Parks Canada will court prior in a wilderness for discovery in this

worlded intensively in "More often he left grade's at age 12 to help support his alcoholic father, sick mother and five brothers and sisters. Defence counsel Joan Harris portrayed him as naive, simpleminded and "a follower." She said Seymour had been talked into following his father's lead, doing no wrong.

musser musser has brought its outcome for Parks Canada could be a serious. Regard lawyer Gary Kneier, acting for the Musser, says they believe the situation in which Allison was attacked is a tragedy, and that park officials are a class, taking visitors into a false sense of security.

The Musser seek damages for medical and other expenses arising out of the attack, but have not specified an amount. Included in the expenses are lawsuits for severe emotional and nervous shock suffered by surviving members of the family. The implications for the federal government develop out of the two pronged attack suffered in the statement of claim: that Parks Canada, as keeper of a wild bear, normally dangerous to mankind, is liable for death or injuries sustained in the attack, or that if Parks Canada is deemed not strictly liable for the injuries, then it was negligent in failing to warn visitors in the park of the danger of bear attacks and to take reasonable steps in rendering the park reasonably safe from them.

For the Musser, the loss of their daughter is both tragic and ironic. Originally from Johannesburg, they moved to Canada and eventually to Ingrid because they thought it would be a safe place to raise their children.

Bob Chechire



Black bear: For Paul and old Musser, Canada didn't prove safe for children.

PHOTO: GARY COLEMAN

son would be hired to fight the resulting blaze, indicating that a man named Maurice Davies gave Seymour and a possible mother and partner to start the fire. (Davies and the juvenile also face arson charges.)

John Munro, who is known for his original mode of disposing justice, observed that creating employment by starting forest fires was not new to the area. And he launched a tirade against the B.C. government for being confused about creating jobs for people in one area and not caring about people in others. "The government spends millions making jobs elsewhere and takes a dim view of people taking it on themselves to make jobs," he thundered. Finally pressuring it, "a very serious man," he finally fired the young Indian 11 and sentenced him to one day in jail.

Outraged, regional Crown counsel Peter Stewart called the sentence "a license to burn down B.C. forests to create employment" and launched an appeal, which will be heard in Vancouver B.C. 8. Provincial forester Don Owen admits arson for employment is not unknown but says occurrences have been limited—"Lighting forest fires is a hard, dirty, rotten way to make money." During hot fires, however, do it your self job creation was become more attractive. The last time arson in the forests was common? "The '30s," says Owen, "during the Depression, yeah, it was a problem then." Don Morberg

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World News

A despot's last-ditch stand

By Marc McDond

The familiar voice crackling out over the Iranian newsmen was exasperatedly hoarse. The short, mustache-stuffed man who had held his country in a vice-like grip of fear for a quarter of a century twisted shoulders and suddenly fell on screen. As his country stood on the brink of a holy civil war—the popular son of his oil fields threatened by a strike of 27,000 refinery workers and his ally barred by rampaging mobs—the Shah of Iran took to the microphone last week with a career mixture of self-criticism and aggression to announce that he was making one last attempt to preserve his faltering grip by calling in his generals to govern.

The military take-over was hardly a surprise. The army has always been regarded as the Shah's silent guarantee. What was astonishing was to hear Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Shahs and Light of the Aryans, driven to a public confession that his reign had been one of corruption and terror and promising that "great mistakes will not be repeated." Within hours a lightning

perce was 30 top Iranian officials arrested, including both the former head of the secret police and the Shah's longtime standard-bearer, Amir Abbas Hoveyda, 68, prime minister for 18 years' end, until recently, his trusted minister of court. It was a sign that no one was to be spared and 71-year-old General Ali Mousavi-Denadani, former head of Iran Air, was reported to have shot himself rather than face charges, although his family asserted that he had been assassinated.

Even the Shah's own Pahlavi Foundation, conduit for most royal family profiteering as well as for paying off corrupt ministers who had to be sacrificed, was scheduled for investigation, though just before this was announced the Shah's own sister, Ashraf, is reported to have withdrawn several million dollars in cash.

But if the Shah was going through the motions of a demerol, his reluctance to tolerate political opposition was as constant as ever. After a week of tension the army moved in to break up the oil strike, and Dastar Karam Sanjazi, 74-year-old leader of the National Front

opposition, was arrested by police and troops at his home. He had been about to call on the Shah to leave the country so that a referendum could decide if the Pahlavi dynasty should continue to rule or be replaced by a republic.

The Shah could not reach his other chief enemy so easily, however, and it was evident that his message of "reform" was directed not only at his henchmen in the streets but at this man, nearly 3,000 miles away in a small bungalow on the edge of an apple orchard outside Paris. But the 78-year-old Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini—leader of the country's Shiite Muslims, who represents 96 per cent of Iran's 94 million people—retreated from exile that nothing less than abdication could make him call off the instructions that continued in the face of the army take-over. As the work wore on, it became increasingly clear that the Shah, who is partially deaf in one ear, may have heard too late.

Security forces ride hard on demonstrators (above) and the Shah's pallid gaze up in smoke in the wake of the mob

In Washington, even members of the Carter administration—suddenly red-faced to have found their championing of human rights playing second fiddle to the backing of a despotic regime—were privately admitting doubts about the Shah's ability to survive. But the Americans could see no choice but to go on backing him. U.S. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger had invoked the specter of an energy crisis similar to the one that rocked the West in 1973 if Iran's oil production continued to dribble in at a strangled 1.1 million barrels a day—barely enough to meet domestic needs. And although Saudi Arabia had pledged to increase its own output if a shortage loomed, that raised the tricky question of just who would bail out South Africa and Israel, which are virtually dependent upon Iran for their oil.

Nevertheless, it was not Iranian oil (which the U.S. relies on for only five per cent of its own requirements) that kept worried Washington. Ever since the Shah was forced to flee his throne for Rome by a coup led by the very former nationalist prime minister Mohammad Mossadegh (only to be re-installed by a CIA counter-coup three days

Secret savagery: the Shah's power guarded by goons

They sometimes appear festively on TV screens—the dark-haired men with olive skins who clutching grey Iranian shahdars (governors) outside the White House or in Ottawa. They are agents of Savak, the Shah's secret police force, which despite its arrest in Tehran last week of a former director is probably more powerful than ever in these days of turmoil around the Persian Throne. When Savak for example recognizes a demonstrating student abroad they usually wear masks to prevent that it makes sure that his government grant is cut off and that he never back home is harassed (but this a child's play compared with Savak's other activities).

Best estimates put its strength at 20,000 agents—trained by America's Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) are currently stationed at agency school in Moscow, Vienna. They go on to take "graduate" courses in interrogation techniques from the French secret service (SDECE). A CIA offi-

cial boasted in an unguarded moment recently that Savak "does a better job for the Shah than the mob does for the Khomeini."

Savak is responsible for the industrial security of the Shah. To this end it is empowered to act as the sole investigator of all alleged political crimes and to order the arrest of any person suspected of political crime. It is impossible to estimate how many prisoners Savak holds in Iran. In 1976 the Shah himself said there were perhaps 3,000. The deputy director of Savak, Fereidoun Salimi, said later that there were 3,300. Estimates made by other sources say from 10,000 to 100,000.

Whether from the millions who suffer greatly at Savak's hands, Savak's international, the highly respected human rights organization, reports that during the period between arrest and trial "alleged methods of torture include whipping and beating, electric shocks, the extraction of nails and teeth being wrenched out, the victim being weighed hanging on the lavatory, lying the prisoner to a water hot metal table, immersion of a broken bottle into the anus and rape." The Shah acknowledges that torture is used. He recently told the Paris newspaper *Le Monde*: "We have learned sophisticated methods of torture from you. You use psychological methods to extract the truth, we do the same."

In North America the organization is headed by an Mansour Farfrougi who operates between the Iranian embassy in Washington and the American headquarters at the United Nations. Reliable sources say that Savak agents are attached to the Iranian embassy in Ottawa and to consuls and Iranian business offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. They are also active in the ground in Iranian command.

Such goings on so close to home make a recent comment by President Jimmy Carter read strangely. Presiding Iran's "pro-democratic administration" and "disputing the fact that it was 'exported' to some who don't like democratic principles." Carter concluded: "We wish the Shah all our best. He must have forgotten about the men with the cameras." **William Lowther**



later), he has been the American's intransigent policy against Communist encroachment in the Middle East.

The CIA organized and trained the deadly Savak secret police network (see box) by which the Shah eliminated virtually all voices of dissent, and the Americans have trained, directed and equipped the 280,000-man Iranian army, whose generals' loyalty was assured by allowing them to play with the latest military toys. In the past five years, Iran has spent over \$5 billion in military hardware—a fact that means the U.S. gets back \$2 in arms sales for every \$1 it spends on Iranian oil. Even General Gholam Rosh Ashraf, the 64-year-old, newly appointed prime

ministers who graduated from Tehran's officers school in 1926, took military careers in the United States.

Although little is known about Akbar, there is little doubt that he has been handicapped by the Shah—who personally plays every dossier above the rank of colonel—and thus by Washington. Indeed, it is generally the long arm of the White House that the Shah's opponents object to, pointing out that if he wasn't to keep spending over 40 per cent of the national budget on arms, something might be accomplished in a country where—despite the wealth of oil billions—more than 70 per cent of the people are illiterate and the average wage is under \$200 a year.

While the Western press has tended to glorify the Shah's determination to lead his people to a place in the sun as

money during his 1963 exile—who has built himself a \$15-billion mansion, a replica of the Petit Trianon at Versailles.

While the upper classes wielded and dined, inflation rose to an officially recorded 50 per cent. Patriots who had fled the land for \$3,000-a-month factory salaries or work on the finally booming construction sites, suddenly found that a three-bedroom house would cost them \$2,000 a month on top of steep food prices and shortages—the result of the Shah's much-wanted but misaligned land reforms.

Under these, the state bought up large tracts from the traditional feudal landlords and redistributed them to peasants with the right to work them, but by no means to all the peasantry. On paper this sounded noble, but it effec-

tally did the June, 1962, uprising against land redistribution led by Ayatollah Khomeini and his disciples, whose angry crowds set the bazaar in Tehran on fire and its streets were washed red.

In the night that followed, Khomeini was kidnapped from his home in the holy city of Qom by government commandos and put on a plane to Turkey, which promptly deported him to Iraq. Then, last month, apparently under growing pressure from Iran, Iraq deported him to France, where (ironically) he has proven more accessible to followers and journalists.

The Ayatollah insists that he has no desire to lead the Islamic republic he hopes is not far off. He wants off the suggestion that he wants to turn the clock back and reject any existing Islamic governments such as Saudi Ar-

abia, which is the Shah's responsive regime that is driving Iran into the arms of Russia, which wants its gas. Like the Ayatollah, he would like to see Iran deal with the West and larger commercial commitments. Unlike the Ayatollah, however, the National Front sings short of calling for an Islamic republic—simply demanding an end to "imperialism."

In an amusing Sargat, the Shah seems to have taken one more step away from a peaceful solution. It may have been inevitable. These days, as the Shah finds himself a virtual prisoner behind the forbidding walls of the winter palace high in the Elburs Mountains above the devastation of Tehran, the few who have had glimpses of him repeat a tragic figure, jostled and beleaguered, who occasionally slips into reveries in which he already seems to see himself as having abdicated. "What do they want anyway?" he keeps asking visitors—a question whose answer he is clearly not prepared to hear. As the Shah himself is only too well aware, a week after celebrating his 50th birthday, every ruler of Iran in the last 200 years has met his death either at the hands of an assassin or in exile.

Things may be more severe in Philadelphia, however—at least for black citizens. The Black Runo, the city's racist "tough one" mayor, failed to win a referendum to allow him to run for a third four-year term in 1979. He will, however, be going out in the style to which he has accustomed the city. Before the night's voting was over, the 770 was called in and only voting officials have been subpoenaed to answer questions before a grand jury about the widespread jacking of voting machines in black (and white) wards. In addition,

refugee, economist Margaret Turzhova, a firm Black ally, was charged with moving polling stations in a predominantly black ward at the last moment without bothering to tell anyone. As valedictorian, W. C. Fickie once drizzled "Phillyadebias, I was there once. It was closed."

The most notable achievement by the Democrats was holding the Republicans to only slight gains in the House of Representatives. The makeup now is 296 Democrats to 159 Republicans, a net Republican gain of only 12. The Republicans did well in the governorship races



The Shah (right) and Ayatollah Khomeini (left) in Tehran. The Shah is in the background, and Khomeini is in the foreground.

the fifth-ranking world power by 1986, there has been a marked reluctance to chart his apocalyptic methods or magnificent mismanagement of the oil boom. Yet in the busy influx of annual oil payments, which rose to nearly \$20 billion, he embarked on an industrial overexpansion spree that has created not only social dislocation but a current budget deficit of just over \$1.5 billion.

In the rush to import Western ways wily-ingly, a huge, wealthy upper class was created with a stranglehold on consumer monopolies through favors to the Shah—or the fact that they were related to him. Corruption among his intimates had become so rampant that last July he told a *New York Times* reporter that he had forbidden the 60 members of his extended family to do further business deals from which they would excessively profit (this news was never published in Iran). Most blatant of the new elite in Iran's Pepsi Cola king—once a poor Iranian businessman known who lent the Shah his car and

tively destroyed the fabric of a society that had guaranteed the peasants certain rights (profit and food income) but failed to replace them.

The government's attempt to force private farm co-operatives to improve efficiency resulted merely in bureaucratic bungling that lowered productivity by nearly 30 per cent. It finally resorted to turning over large tracts of land to multinational corporations, which outlived luxury crops such as asparagus and artichokes for export to Europe, while, in a cruel twist of irony, nearly 60 per cent of Iran's own food needs are now imported.

In school, Iranian have barely correlated better success as they have been forced to study the land reforms at the ceremony at the Shah's White Revolution—so called because the history books turn it bloodless. They often de-

bis or Libya as his models. "We don't want to go back to the cutting off of hands," one of his followers said, though Khomeini would be banned, women covered and abortion forbidden. Over other issues, the role of women, the future status of the banned Communist Tudeh Party and what form his government would take, he is vague. But there can be no doubt of the extent of his popular support. "The streets are abuzzing the religious movements," according to Sargat, 51, a former minister of culture in Maniandeh's cabinet who is secretary-general of the National Front (which encompasses a spectrum of political dissent from the socialist left to conservatives). Two weeks ago, Sargat flew to Paris to meet the Ayatollah—and a direct result of that consultation seems to have been a hardening of his own position.

Sargat's aides droopily take the role of Marxists in the current uprising—contrary to the Shah's repeated accusations—and argue that if any-

The U.S.

Just a slight pinch of SALT

America reached to the right, but it took a week in an election that will make it tough harder for President Jimmy Carter to conclude a successful strategic arms limitation treaty with the Soviet Union. That is, quite certainly, the most significant factor to emerge from Election '78, a day at the polls that was marked by apathy, few surprises and the display of gaffes, corruption and comic relief which are so much a part of U.S. politics.

Over 60 per cent of those eligible didn't bother to vote. Those who did gave the Republicans a nudge forward in the Senate. They scored a net gain of three seats to make the standings 58-41 and voted several liberal Democrats—including Floyd Hahnel of Colorado, Wendell Anderson of Minnesota and Dick Clark of Iowa—who would have voted for a SALT agreement that provided rough equality of nuclear arms for the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

In their place some staunch conservatives now hold office. They will try to insist that the U.S. has a leading edge in any arms agreement, and while it is true that presidents have a way of prevailing in major foreign policy debates—witness Carter's success with the Panama Canal treaty—the result

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Loosen, no third term for Philadelphia's Ross (left), Massachusetts' Brooke



It's not all fiction, and that's a fact

How do you separate fact from fiction? That's the question which is already troubling us in Washington and will need your no doubt as lively reflections over the Presidency—*is it not the world, it is joined by the contents of a new world of fiction: "Mist Fire" which has some very timely noted (and highly detailed) references to the realer elements of the White House. Naturally, fiction based on the presidency cannot without, much notice. But the book, to be published in January by Simon and Schuster, has a special stamp: it was written by a former member—Patrick Anderson, the was Carter's chief speechwriter throughout the election campaign.*

Anderson offers a tantalizing mix of fact and fiction in which his special magical makes a league of all authority. For instance:

Facts: Anderson's President Tony Carter has a top aide who acts like a fool. **Facts:** President Jimmy Carter has a chief of staff called Hester-Jordan who has become known for very similar behavior.

Facts: When President Carter is asked about something he says: "Good deal."

Facts: When President Carter is pressed with something he says: "Good deal."

Facts: President Carter is renowned for charming outsiders and telling his staff

Facts: President Carter has the same reactions.

This sort of thing makes it very difficult for the reader when Anderson has to present fact in love and have an affair with his secretary while his wife has a two-sided Carter, too, has a very attractive secretary—*isn't it?*—Susan. **Facts:** Carter, 33—and while Rosalynn is much too tough to have a breakdown there have been rumors about Mrs. Carter.

The Carter and their staff are understandably that still how real was shown shortly after they received their invitation. Anderson's wife Ann, then working as the first lady's deputy press secretary, lost her job. Officially the reason was: re-organization. But Anderson gives the obvious conclusion: "My wife was a very vibrant and popular staff member," he said. I

Clough and Anderson: a secret love tale that's not quite a secret, and not quite real



think the facts speak for themselves.

It is the president's support after that is leaving most grief in the Oval Office. Carter is apparently concerned that the novel will generate enough little-bits to demand her publicly. Susan Clough, who has worked for Carter since he was the governor of Georgia, is the sort of woman who would turn heads on any street.

When asked about the facts and secrets which contrast to prevail against the administration staff as well as the press, she told *The Washington Post*: "I don't think Jimmy Carter has ever had an affair with anyone, but Rosalynn. And that makes me feel good. Certainly how that has happened, he does. I have much opportunity. But when he was governor he had much more opportunity. Had he would have more. Would he?" **Catherine Fox**



Clough, there are now 38 Democrats to 28 Republicans, a net gain of six for the GOP.

Individually, the most noted defeat was that of the only black senator, Edward Brooke of Massachusetts. Brooke had been plagued by bad publicity over an ugly divorce case, which led to revelations of financial improprieties. In Minnesota the voting just so and to what had been called "Hubert Humphrey" politics. For the first time in decades the state sent conservative Republicans instead of liberal Democrats to the Senate.

In 1980 presidential election terms, Carter won faces a Republican party with a significantly stronger base and a set of White House hopefuls with bar-matched political credentials. Democratic Governor Jerry Brown lost re-election in California with such overwhelming support that he is thought time-averse to challenge Carter for the party nomination. Life is unglorious to succeed, but he could weaken Carter enough to encourage a move to elect Senator Edward Kennedy.

On the Republican side, Illinois Governor James Thompson also won re-election in a big way and must now be considered a frontrunner for his party's presidential ticket. The usual old Republican battle-axes, former president Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, George Bush and John Connally, didn't really test their strength. But thanks to Election '79 they and their fellow Republicans have packed up a little more stamina. **William Loecherer**

India

Fate gives Gandhi a hand

Indian politicians describe them as "insuperable tensions," but by say that the cracks and cracks that threaten the country's political alliances after former prime minister Indira Gandhi enough footholds to restore her climb back toward the top after her election victory last week came as disaster was within both the ruling Janata coalition and the rival Congress party were making morning-day scenes. So Gandhi, now nominal leader of the Opposition, may pick up support from both groups.

Her extraordinary victory came just 20 months after voters, enraged by the excesses of her 1975-77 "state of emergency"—critics were jailed, birth control resented, the press gagged—cast her from office. It probably even led to the fact that her sleep ritual ring

lay in southern India, which was spared most of the harshness of her rule, and to backwardness in other ways. Only one person in four could read, so symbols were party symbols—a hand for Gandhi, a policeman for defeated Janata candidate V. V. Giri. But whatever the cause, the effect was one more step in the rehabilitation of Gandhi and her Congress (for India) party.

As Opposition leader, she now faces the task of adding to her 77 seats at the expense of Janata, which has more than 300, and Prime Minister Morarji Deas's two-party coalition already seems to

have set out on the road to self-destruction. One faction, backing former interior minister Charan Singh, has split from Deas's group in a quarrel that has hobbled attempts to deal with soaring prices, growing unemployment, and recent outbreaks of caste and religious violence. Now, with a steadily political comeback—and one of India's few truly national figures—at their head, the Opposition will give Deas a much rougher ride.

But the prime minister still has a huge majority, and even if he loses some constituents they will not automatically

privately toward Indira Gandhi. Nor will she necessarily be able to bring back her rank of the old Congress party, which split after her defeat. Some fringe members may drift over, but another powerful faction, led by Gandhi's former health minister Karam Singh, may stay on alone or join Deas.

Another unanswered question concerns Gandhi's prospects in the courts. She has been summoned to a southern district, accused of giving a false address to register as a voter. Greater charges stem from her alleged breaches of personal and property rights while prime minister, but so far she is new in a position to suffer that blow by giving it a political twist.

Gandhi is also having to deal, along with other leaders, with a scandalous son. "The little worm that the son of the father will be visited upon their sons in India politics, the opposite seems to be the case," the newspaper says. Today and recently Gandhi's son Sanjay faces charges of demolishing private property in the capital during a beautification project. Deas's son Kanti has been accused of raising money by exploiting his father's position. Suresh Kameer, son of Defense Minister Jagmohan Kaur, has been disgraced by pornographic photographs showing him romancing with a model, while Um Prakash, son of Haryana state's chief minister, has been accused of smuggling.

Fewer loyalty is virtually a force of nature in India and Gandhi has stuck to



Deas (right) and Gandhi, the prodigal daughter gets her foot in this door



tradition, even though Sanjay is considered her greatest political liability. So while the next federal election is not scheduled until 1992, she has a mammoth public relations job ahead. It is still not clear that Indira is generally prepared to welcome back these prodigal patriarchs, especially with her prodigal son in tow. **Michael Chazan**

Portugal

Right thinking in a fragile democracy

He has brains, an affable manner, negotiating ability and age on his side. That should be enough to guarantee a degree of success to any politician. But Carlos Mota Pinto faces an unusual problem—Portugal. As the country's premier-designate put together his team of ministers last week, the question was whether he—or anyone else—had the ability to steer clear of its difficulties as a nation drifting amid its own wrecked hopes.

In the four months since President Ramalho Eanes abruptly kicked Socialist Prime Minister Mario Soares out of office, social tensions have risen as Portugal has edged closer to economic disaster. Schools have widened within the political parties and the right wing is staging a resurgence. So merely preserving the country's fragile democracy will be an achievement for Mota Pinto, at 43 destined to be Europe's youngest prime minister.

Portugal's new leader is expected to lay the stress on austerity, as did Soares' first choice to replace Soares, Nuno da Costa. But unlike da Costa, who was turned down by the political parties because they weren't consulted before his appointment, Mota Pinto is likely to be given a chance.

He and his country will need just that. Unemployment, already 16 percent, is soaring out of control, with wages averaging last week at new price rises 30 percent on gasoline, 25 percent on wine and 18 percent on cooking oil. Unemployment is around 15 percent and labor troubles continue. The trade deficit for the first six months of this year reached \$1.43 billion, 25 percent up on the same period in 1977.

There will be other challenges. One will almost certainly come from the backward, rural Alentejo, where incursions were created recently when armed police with dogs went out to evict peasants from property seized illegally during the 1975 revolution. "A new climate of civil war" has been created, grewled hard-line Communist leader Alvaro Cunhal, and the police were withdrawn. But there is strong pressure for the evictions to be resumed.

Another challenge may come from the Popular Social Democratic party, of which Mota Pinto was a member until he found the right-wing policies of leader Francisco de Carvalho too much to stomach. Many see de Carvalho, a 61-

World News continues on page 97.

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- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Bill Sienkewicz, Toronto
- 1987 Peter Liska, Calgary
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1990 Lionel Coleman, Calgary
- 1991 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 George Dixon, Montreal
- 1993 Bernie Fabela, Hamilton
- 1994 Jester Parker, Saskatchewan
- 1995 Johnny Ragle, Edmonton
- 1996 Jester Parker, Edmonton
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- 1973 John Helton, Calgary
- 1974 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 John LaGrone, Edmonton
- 1977 Ken LaGrone, Ottawa
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- 1979 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1980 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1981 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1982 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1983 John Benson, Hamilton
- 1984 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1985 Herb Cro, Winnipeg
- 1986 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1987 Don Lusk, Calgary
- 1988 Kirt Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1989 Kirt Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1990 Ted Gaudet, Montreal



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- 1978 Don Tychers, Montreal
- 1979 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1980 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1977 Don Ropley, Edmonton
- 1978 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1979 Joe Corbett, Toronto
- 1980 John Helton, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1977 Leon Bright, B.C.
- 1978 John Scorsone, B.C.
- 1979 Tom Clements, Ottawa
- 1980 Ken Cymonowicz, Toronto
- 1981 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1982 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
- 1979 Jim Foley, Ottawa
- 1980 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1981 Gerry Oguni, Ottawa
- 1982 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1983 Terry Evans, Montreal
- 1984 Jim Young, B.C.
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1986 Terry Evans, Calgary
- 1987 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
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year-old former lawyer from the conservative north, is the most elected premier and expects to be swinging his way. While Mota Pinto hopes to soldier on until 1980, when the next elections are due to be held, Sá Carneiro wants elections as soon as possible, proposing the formation of a democratic "reform block," excluding Communists, to bring stability. The reformist, forged by revolutionary fervor, has to be changed, says Sá Carneiro—"It is too dogmatic and, in certain aspects, Marxist."

Indeed, the left is to retreat on several fronts. Conservative elements are playing a larger role in the Revisioning Council of the overthrow and defense of military officers has trial for their actions before the failed left-wing coup of November, 1975. Members of PLOI, former dictator António de Oliveira Salazar's dread secret police, have been snatching



Portugal's Parties democracy in difficulty

with light sentences. Two former ministers of the Socialist government have quit the party to form their own neo-Marxist group and Socialist pressure has fallen further as far-right groups about the latest, negative, reviewed in some Soares ministers. Meanwhile the right wingers of a new party, MRIS, headed by General Kostas de Azeiteiro, warner nostalgically about a return to the authoritarian past. They recall that 50 years ago, Salazar was called in to bring order to the government and that he, like Mota Pinto, was a professor at Coimbra University.

This is not to say that Portugal is about to revert to dictatorship—Barral and Mota Pinto, at least on their records to date, are both convinced democrats. But it remains to be seen whether the president or his men can put Portugal together again.

David Baird

A jangle or two amid the Irish jingles

Senior politicians before their policies to earn respectable comparisons as virtues with their office locations and stops reverberate to their heavy rock and Celtic jingles. But Ireland's local radio air force—16 of the last count—are all legal and the government, jealous of the competition with the state-run Radio Telefís Éireann (RTE), has decided to try to silence them.

The prizes as they are popularly known are reportedly a bigger growth industry than tourism in Dublin, where the lower end of the scoreboard is a battle of wits: each of the three legal stations is estimated to be taking \$5,000 a week in advertising revenue (advertisers are minimal) and at present there's little to stop them. The law that is supposed to prevent broadcasting without a license has proved hopelessly inadequate: one party got off by proving that when his transmitter wasn't functioning, he used it as a seat warmer; another is selling air time as \$50 and with modern cheap off-the-shelf equipment, even second-hand leased premises of the air only for a couple of days.

What's more, the birth of the private radio is a genuine need. In Dublin the man they call the jangle priest, Father Michael Chelms, has a Sunday morning show aimed at the kids who don't go to mass, which he says is more popular than anything RTE produces. In Limerick, citizens get a comprehensive rundown on local news—everything from city council debates to traffic bottlenecks. In Dundalk, however, can take



a break from shopping at the local supermarket to have a request played.

The fact is that the Irish, with its omnipresent radio station, has a radio culture, but very little variety in broadcasting. There is only one radio channel and it was only after years of debate that a second RTE TV channel opened earlier this month. At least part of the reason for the Irish government's desire to keep tight control on what goes on the air, it appears, RTE is growing boldy and five years ago sacked as the governor over a policy disagreement. It has passed legislation preventing RTE from interviewing members or supporters of the six or other violent organizations, and it controls RTE's income by taxing the license fee which gives it much of its revenue.

Now elections are just around the corner. At celebrations marking the start of the new RTE, channel broadcasting minister Patrick Faulkner promised to bring in a new law which will permit not just legal broadcasters, but anyone who wants or co-sponsors with them, including advertisers and contributors. That would surely put the jingles out of business. But it is so many people listening to and enjoying them, and jangle businessmen looking at the potential profits, there may still be a locally Irish compromise. The government may be persuaded to license radio stations based on profit.

Richard O'Drury



Quilting: Tyson able to stich the

Security was tight at Toronto's CN stadium last week for the filming of the Miss Canada Pageant. No one, including the eventual winner **Heidi Quilley**, a 20-year-old Missanabe representing Muskoka, wanted any trouble from fans to disrupt the annual capsule week. None did. But the effect on the 30 contestants of being cloistered and chap-

ered en route to being crowned, was enough to dampen their dress shields. "We tried to break the sex," said Quilley, a trimmable third-year university student. "During the rehearsal at our opening parade, for example, we all got Bette Midler songs on our marauds and walked on stage. It broke the mood up."

Free-Clap Trial one, two, three, Miss



It was 25 years ago that members of Britain's Royal Family decided they were not amused at the prospect of marriage between Princess Margaret and divorced but dashing commando fighter pilot **Peter Townsend**. But Townsend, now 64 and a writer, hasn't held any grudges. In fact, with the recent North American release of his autobiography *Town and Country*, Townsend is encouraged to chuck May for the moment—and his royal rogues. The book, however, is not a kiss-and-tell chronicle of the once famous love affair. "I agonized over the prospect for 10 days and decided I just couldn't write those things," said Townsend, who has been happily married for 19 years. "I know the private people now that, they'd accuse me of trying to profit from the Royal Family."

With the Edmonton Edition of the CMA's Western Conference listed as 9-5 favorites to take the Grey Cup, it's obvious the team has its co-field act together. Not off the field, for members of the squad are also making beautiful music. They call themselves *Five-Day Trial*, and the group, consisting of **Edwin Dun Worthington**, **Tom Tyson**, **Frank Fryer**, **George McDougal** and **Don Kaplan**, have just kicked off their musical career by recording a 45-rpm single. With an initial pressing of 10,000 copies, the record, which started out as a "Fun Thing," has turned into a serious commercial venture. Although the group will split 55 cents on each record sold, their practicing these days is confined to the local field. Should they win the Grey Cup, each team member will pocket close to \$12,000.

The name of former New York congressional woman **Wally Amos** was once a contradiction in terms. The 36-haired Bette was not belle, she was burlesque. Along that lady with the slinky legs



shaped and dowdy—a political cartoonist's delight. Having recently tried of courtesies in making her look "so fat and so ugly," Amos (thorpens of the president's National Advisory Committee on Women) decided she'd give them less of her to draw. Starting in a 1,000-mile-a-day diet, Amos has lost 50 pounds. She has also dyed her snow-brown hair blonde. "I'm not campaigning for public office, so I went on a personal campaign for myself," said the 36-year-old Amos. "I got fat in the Congress courtesy eating candy, cake and junk food on the run. All that working for the people. See what they did to me."

What's in a name? Not much, according to artist **Ruth Roosevelt**, whose paintings of foliage and women may smell sweet but don't stink because of her signature Roosevelt, whose art is currently on exhibit in Toronto, acquired the famous name 10 years ago when she married stockbroker **William Donner Roosevelt**, the grandson of **Theodore Roosevelt** (the 26th president of the U.S., 1859-1919). "The Roosevelts have been good fathers," said Ruth, whose father was born in Windsor, Ontario. "But the Roosevelt connection is not relevant to my art." Adding substance to her argument, Roosevelt points out that she signs all her paintings on the back of the canvas.

In his recently concluded 33-year career as the true star of the Metropolitan Opera, baritone **Robert Merrill** sang about lust, intrigue, love and death. Now, he's written about it. In his recently published novel entitled *Dream*

Tyson back in the saddle again



co-authored by **Fred Jarvis**, Merrill has raised the curtain on the sexual shenanigans backstage at the opera, describing just what goes on when the prima donna let down their long hair. Basing his characters on the lives of real singers he has known and played with, Merrill is quick to point out that

Roosevelt, with by any other name

the book is not all bulls. "These poor dames are sad," said Merrill, 68. "Look at the price Calles paid for a great career. They build their lives around their singing, and when it's over there's not much there."

Even though CMA singer **Ian Tyson** has just completed his first solo album (*I'm Jump Ahead of the Draft*), in three years, cutting horses, not cutting records, has become his favorite pastime. Tyson, who owns 1,500 head of cattle and lives on a 20,000-acre ranch in Pincher Creek, Alberta, has spent the last three months practicing his riding skills in anticipation of the \$500,000 cutting horse world championships which will be held in December at the Wild Horses Memorial Showgrounds in Fort Worth, Texas. Of course, during the championships, which can be described as a combination of dressage and over-fencing, Tyson hopes to mix a little pleasure with his business. "There'll be quite a few singers there," said Tyson, 46. "So I'm sure I'll be doing a little polka and gramma." Merrill notes the competition. But when I'm not, I plan to party pretty good."

Edited by **Jose O'Hara**



Cover Story

KIDS WITHOUT RIGHTS

By Warren Gerard

A severely malnourished young woman on a busy Ottawa street puts a child on the head and the child says "What the hell do you think you're doing?" The child is a misfit who doesn't like being treated as a child. Andrew Cohen's true story of the "cane-syring syndrome" makes the point.

It doesn't happen often to misfits, but it happens every day to most children in public places. They are poked, poked, poked, stroked and kissed by adult strangers afflicted with the "cane-syring syndrome." And they have to put up with it. "How would you feel if someone on the street came up to your wife, gave her a pat, poked her cheeks and said she was nice?"

Cohen, executive director of the Canadian Council on Children and Youth, is making the point that children are discriminated against, that they have very few rights. *Advertiser: Restricted*

The Child as Citizen in Canada, a major report released last week by the council, says Canadian view children (age 18 and under) as "malleable putty" and have built a society that has abused and discriminated against one-third of the population. Have you ever seen a child trying to make a purchase in a store? More often than not he has to wait until the adults are served. Have you watched a small child try to use a public telephone? Or a public washroom? Cohen sees the development of buying property for adults only as an example of how children's rights are denied or ignored. "If these developments tend to exclude mothers or left-handed people, the promoter would either be taken to court for violating obvious human rights principles or institutionalized for being a fool. But when they discriminate against that third of the

population which has no say in these matters, no one thinks it odd."

It gets worse. Children have few rights under the law and what rights they have are often described in negative ways. A child does not have the right to education, for example, but a parent may be punished for not providing it. A child has no right to refuse medical treatment at 17 years of age, but one year later, when he is no longer a minor, he has the right. In disease and custody proceedings a child has no right to be there, let alone to bring a suit on his own. Nor does he have the right to consent. The use of corporal punishment in schools is still permitted, taking away the right of every citizen under the law, the right to be free of physical threat or violence.

It is a perception of children as dependent, incompetent possessions, to be

seen and not heard, without rights or the intelligence to say what they think or feel. *Advertiser: Restricted* (Eden thought up the title after reading the movie ads in a newspaper) is timely, the United Nations has designated 1979 as the International Year of the Child. It is an indictment of how institutions and parents have failed the young.

The three-year study found, in no surprise, that the rich get richer, the poor, poorer (women and lower). The statistics are dramatic. If middle-class kids are discriminated against and have few rights under the law, then the children of the poor can only be described as victims.

• More than 1% of the Canadian children live in poverty.

• The number of single parent families has increased at three times the rate of two-parent families. There are 611,360 children living in 300,000 single-parent families. About 66 per cent of single-parent women live in poverty, compared to 34 per cent for single-parent



after-school supervision.

• In the past 34 years divorce increased five-fold to about 50,000 a year (one in every four first marriages is ending in divorce and the trend is toward one in three).

• Canada has an infant mortality rate of 35 per 1,000 live births, making seventh (after France) of 18 developed countries in infant life-expectancy. (The United States is 15.)

• One in 10 Canadian children has an emotional or learning disorder.

• Twenty-seven per cent of first admissions to public mental hospitals and public psychiatric units occur at 20 or younger.

• In 1974, 36,314 babies were born to teen-agers in Canada, 5,524 were born to mothers between the ages of 12 and 16. The risk of death for teenage mothers is 60 per cent higher than for mothers in their 20s because they deplete the nutritional resources needed for their own growth.

• Accidents and acts of violence kill more than twice as many people between the ages of one and 19 as do diseases.

• The illness of Canadian children declines steadily after they start school so that a 15-year-old Canadian is as fit as the average 35-year-old Swede.

Advertiser: Restricted (172 pages, English and French, Canscanbooks, \$4.95) is not a good-guys report couched by a nervous lack of recommendations. "Such a lot, as before, sold at best only alternate some of the symptoms while leaving the disease—society's persistent refusal to view children as individual citizens—unmistaken, even ignored. We hope this report can spark the debate that will begin that change."



How an eight-year-old sees himself

ent over and 12 per cent for families.

• Of the 611,360 children of single-parent families, 143,000 are pre-schoolers. In 1974, only 50,000 day-care spaces were available. There were fewer than 5,000 spaces available for school-age children in need of lunch-hour and

The 11-person task force, under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Kenneth Hall of the Ontario Supreme Court, has examined four areas of tangible need for children: economic support, health care, protection and education. The authors reject any suggestion that the study is a call for children's suffrage or other emphatic actions associated with kids' lib, but at the same time they talk about the "dimensions of the struggle ahead. We believe very strongly that what is at stake in our discrimination against children and youth is not only the rights of the young but the human rights of our society."

An alarming trend reported in the study is the increased rate of young suicides. In 1975 almost 30 per cent of all



PHOTOGRAPH BY

PHOTOGRAPH BY

incidents in Canada were committed by people under 19. The study makes us attempt to analyze the increase in incidents, but another startling statistic reveals that last year almost 80,000 children in Canada, the victims of family breakdown and abuse, required official protection.

The concern for the physical protection of children is becoming a major social issue of the 1970s, yet the phrase "child protection" has a narrow meaning to lawyers, child-care workers and government officials responsible for child welfare. But there, it means a child is reported to have been neglected, abused or exploited, meaning sexually exploited.

The provinces have defined the basis for abuse and neglect in various ways (there is no mention of the child in the BSA Act), but one common theme stands out: child welfare legislation in Canada, despite improvements in British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Quebec, expresses a standard of negative behavior, which means that parents are told what they must not do to children. David Cruikshank, a professor of law at the

University of Calgary, one of the authors of *Advantage Abused*, advocates an about-face: "If we start to focus upon what 'ought' to be provided for children, instead of what 'must not' happen to children, I think the legal system can begin to accommodate the goals of child welfare services. We can then begin to con-

centrate upon the child's needs instead of the stress or sadness of the parents. And isn't that what protection of children is supposed to be about?"

A child's protection has always been decided behind the closed doors of a courtroom, a practice disliked by the minority group. "We can't expect the public to become educated and concerned about the rights and needs of children if a room full of decisions about children is closed to the public." Yet behind those closed doors there is a growing awareness of the need to listen to the child, but it's not a right. Furthermore, the child could be heard through his or her own testimony or through the testimonies of a separate lawyer for the child. The idea of a lawyer for the child causes consternation in some circles, but we are convinced that there are separate interests.

apart from the parents and child welfare authorities, that must be advanced and considered."

Worse, it seems, a child who is in need

Such a principle if put into law by both federal and provincial governments could have the effect of prohibiting television advertising aimed at children. It could also mandate governments to undertake programs to ensure that children enjoy proper diets through such devices as school lunch programs. Says McGrath: "The Criminal Code, with its prohibition of child abuse, is purely negative and opens up after the fact after the child has been abused. This is a major problem approach."

The government agreed to a study on a bill of rights for children after some effective behind-the-scenes lobbying by McGrath. During the actual debate in the Commons government spokesmen expressed skepticism but did not stand in McGrath's way. He also received enthusiastic support from Liberal and non-Conservative Social Unity (now-New Westminster) representatives, the extended family where a grandfather would police a father who was too tough with a child or disappearing. Concluded Leggett: "We in this place [the Commons] must replace a with rights, with laws."

Jan Ungvari

of protection has no guarantees of protection in government institutions. No legislation recognizes government neglect, but the study did find three cases of physical abuse and neglect as "more frequently than we think" in institutions. "The Standard has toward keeping a child in need of protection as a complex and unique problem in such protection. But one common theme prevails: children's aid societies and government departments got money for every day a child remains in care, they lose those funds the moment a child is discharged." Parental neglect can result in institutionalization, but the form of "government neglect"—failure to deliver promised treatment—has led to a number of successful "right to treatment" cases in the United States and the same is about to happen in Canada.

But the politicians and the law makers have virtually ignored children and their rights is a fact. An example is a federal working paper in 1974 that saw two major shifts in health care—a trend away from the institution to the individual from intervention to prevention. But of the report's 34 recommendations, not one concerned itself with child health; the issues of child health involve such things as pre-natal care, nutrition, dental care, day care, immunization, early diagnosis and the handicapped.

The task force examination of education came up with what others have called—a tale of woe, especially for poor children. A study in Toronto, for example, found that most poor kids end up in dead-end vocational schools. The latter's child has 25 times the chance of being in a vocational school as an advantaged child. The disadvantaged person's child has 442 times the chance, and the child of a welfare family has 57.2 times the chance.

A further study for the *Commission des écoles catholiques de Montréal* found that it is the poorest, uneducated sector that poor kids have less ability. "I've got Director Francine Bevilacqua discovered that"—the children of working-class neighborhoods grow up in an environment that is as stimulating and enriching as those of children from affluent neighborhoods and they arrive at school with the same learning abilities as other children. But we have so underestimated these children by lowering our expectations of them that they have responded in kind. Studies have shown that character traits such as performance, dependability, con-

tesy and punctuality are better rewarded in schools than are independence, creativity and imagination."

No wonder the study finds that "when curriculum is not developed in correspondence with the realities of family, home and neighborhood, it denies the individual experience of children, leaving them to believe—quite accurately—that school is of little relevance to their lives."

Advantage Abused should bring about an awareness of attitudes and practices derived from a distant past

and it will certainly spark debate, perhaps reform, not a bureaucratic reform, but one that will finally permit society to say, without question, yes, we do love our children.



Let them eat cake and let them eat spinach

A proposal for a bill of rights for children came before the House of Commons briefly last week and emerged with an endorsement of sorts. After a 45-minute debate, six members of a Justice committee study of a private member's bill on children's rights.

The bill was introduced by an James McGrath (22—St. John's East) the father of six children and an outspoken critic in the past of television advertising and violence aimed at young audiences. What McGrath is suggesting is for an advertisement for children who are too young to buy a lot of beer or to go to a bar, but something along the lines of the United Nations' 1969 Declaration of the Rights of the Child. McGrath's bill singles out the second principle of the UN Declaration which reads: "The child shall enjoy



A kid's view of an adult: too little, too late.

special protection, and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually and socially in a healthy and normal manner and in conditions of freedom and dignity. In the enactment of laws for this purpose, the best interests of the child shall be the paramount consideration.



Double Distilled The rye man's whisky.

Smooth, natural flavoured in a 5-year old whisky. Real enjoyment for the man who's tough to please. Look for the distinctive DD.



Into the future with the past in hand

Being well on the chilly shoulders of Toronto's banks and Montreal brokers, the viceroy gubers easily bulking on the horizon, means for fund-lounging business and government throughout the land, nearly \$5-billion-worth of Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund is watching itself grow. Canada's first financial Renaissance started life in 1976 with \$1.5 billion in assets and a ticket for 30 per cent of Alberta's non-renewable resource revenues. By next spring it will be worth \$4.7 billion, by 1980, \$10 billion. As the fund's \$70-million loan to Manitoba last week solidified their status, Eastern-based brokers agree at the minister's feet were again wondering what it would pay them best. Others, not so sure, are asking themselves how much damage it will do first.

Facing suit from the unrepresentative Edmonton office where Alberta Treasurer Merv Leitch, Deputy Treasurer Chip Collins and his assistant Alfie McPherson administer the fund, the perspective is very different. Leitch and company are anxious of managing the fund too conservatively, but at the treasury will point out in his spare budget the money is only for "the assurance of future generations of Albertans. Look at it this way," he will say, "planning down the fund's growth potential." This billion is one year's budget in Alberta, five months in Ontario, one month in Ottawa. The trust fund is

equivalent to a person having one year's salary saved when he retires. When our petroleum is gone, we have to have something to fall back on.

How much that will be and how much it could be with a less conservative investment philosophy is a matter of serious debate, as is the gritty question of how many new investments the vast Alberta fund is inspiring or from less fortunate provinces. Most of the 80 per cent of the fund controlled by Leitch, Premier Peter Lougheed and the Alberta cabinet (the other 30 per cent buys parks, hospitals and other capital projects) is invested in relatively long-term short-term debentures. Preference outside oil favours Alberta Government Telephones, Alberta Energy Co., and the blast of bonds peddled after remaining votes by the likes of McDonald, Young, West Ltd's Toronto-based director counterpart for Alberta, Peter Turner, and A.E. Ames & Co. Ltd. President Peter Harris. Leitch claims these investments netted the province an 8.8 per cent profit last year. No more than 15 per cent of the fund is available for out-of-province investments, of which the new loan to Manitoba, a \$47-million loan to New Brunswick, a \$50-million loan to Newfoundland and possibly one to Quebec are but a picture of total provincial needs. Lougheed is looking hard at port facilities investment in Vancouver and Prince Rupert, but risky foreign exchange



Alberta's Merv Leitch counts on \$10 billion by 1980. Asking what they have'll abound

dealings and private enterprise (such as the oil-refined steel-plant rule in Robert Blair's recent history Oil) are definitely out. "Our only equity position is with Syncrude and the Alberta Energy Co.," Leitch declares flatly. "It is not our intention to interfere with the private sector."

Many Eastern brokers consequently felt locked out where they'd most like to be in and change Leitch with short-sightedness. In fact, he may be caught between a burgeoning Heritage Fund and a market for investment funds that so far is adequately served by the private sector. Renewing industry and the development of capital markets can wait to more and more chartered banks and trust companies set up offices and senior staff in the provinces along with the U.S. banks, eager for business. Despite Leitch's disclaimer, the fund won't shy from private sector investment much longer, as all observers expect Lougheed to back his old friend Robert Blair's Alaska Highway pipeline.

Meanwhile, the fund has some trouble. Two fund managers, including Assistant Deputy Treasurer Rob Spinks, recently moved to the Edmonton-based Canadian Commercial & Industrial Bank. Spinks took a pay hike of 30 per cent to become the bank's vice-president and chief operating officer. While he says he moved for the challenge, insiders and other departees acknowledge the fund is having difficulty attracting quality staff to do the bigger job of investing a bigger fund with such low civil service salaries. As a result, the fund may take on special Crown corporation status that will allow for higher salaries. "It's a huge fund," one investment underwriter explains. "It has its problems. They're going to have to manage it more imaginatively than they have in the past."

Don L. LaRoque/Jan Brown

In the tracks of Colonel Sam

When I was a little kid, five years old ... one of the wheels they used to keep up to the ceiling today, 5.61 down on war—and I have had wheels in my head ever since. —Colonel U.S. McLaughlin, 1944

A portrait of Colonel Sam presides over the north administration building lobby at General Motors of Canada, Ltd., housing a 1970s, if fixed, eye as the firm that began in his father's Hamilton, Ontario, carriage shop 100 years ago. Gritters, sleighs, democrats and haggles followed and a family move to Ottawa in 1916 had the Gaverets, as everyone called the Colonel's father, adding cowhatched leather special springs and couplings, rubber and brass washers in the axle—and the patented fly wheel for steering. In 1907, Sam signed on as an apprentice, became GM of Canada's first president after selling out to the developing U.S. motorcar giant in 1918, and was named chairman in 1940, working daily until the year before he died, 1972, at 100.

Last Tuesday, American-born, P. Alan Smith, the eighth son to become president and general manager, strode through the front door at 8:30 a.m. His eye was caught by the Colonel's bespectacled gaze, reminding him that the place Sam built has some strange distance from 200 Model F McLaughlins in 1907, to an expected 600,000 cars and trucks this year. "There is a feel about it," acknowledges Smith at first day's end, surrounded by some semi-retired trackmen and not a little superhighway speed. He pauses. "It's hard to put into words."

Little wonder. Smith had only nine hours last week at Ottawa headquarters, General Motors Corp.'s largest subsidiary after spending Monday in New York and making a flying West Coast visit to dealers. Ottawa was a symbolic stopover because the Canadian posting is increasingly regarded as a compulsory work station on the journey upward within the world's largest manufacturer. As way stations go, it's no whistle-stop: over 10,000 employees, 1,100 dealers, \$4.1 billion in revenue, Canada's largest (by sales) company. Yet becoming Mr. GM Canada is to 20-year-old general Smith, a "broadening experience," as he logs along the onramps headed at his corner. "Some reorganization in the overall GM structure created group vice-president jobs that had not existed before. That meant a few special openings to give people



Smith (above), McLaughlin and his son, Alan Smith, in a car. 1

some wider experience." While he says in October the promotion from vice-president to GM Canada's staff in Detroit was coming, that word awaited the regular monthly New York drive home meeting at headquarters near Central Park Monday. That approval was then telephoned to Ottawa at 3 p.m. for notification by a concerned Canadian division meeting.

Smith passed his first day in mid-air which included a two-hour battle with his Alberta-born predecessor Dan McPherson, who becomes Brock division general manager in Flint, Michigan, in turn replacing another Alberta

native and former Canadian president, David Collier, one of the four new group vice-presidents. Smith also spent 24 hours as the Burlington, Ont., vice plant, the first stop in a four-month second-to-be-on schedule to meet employees, dealers, suppliers, bankers and community leaders.

While he has served on such prestigious corporate board committees as public policy (Chairman Thomas Murphy calls it GM's "window on the world"), Smith is likely to assume a lower public profile than McPherson who, during his three-year-out-of-duty, even admitted dealer servicing still much to be desired. One GM Canada employee has already seen up Smith and calls him "reluctant" by comparison, post-practice has heard committee service as only "a secretarial capacity." But it is too early to tell. In a world where five-year-olds get on the head and see wheels for life, presidents just lifting into new shoes are likely to hit the ground running.

Buckrick McQueen

Second time lucky

If there is a money tree been bearing a little in Peter Canada's special status the industry could of company (at \$507 million for Harko Oil Ltd. in June, only to be beaten out by Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd. during on the open market (McQueen's July 10). Last Friday's gas giant Energy Minister Andrew Gelpcke who announced Petroleum had found someone else. Pacific Petroleum Ltd. It's big 100,000-barrel offshore oil field in the Gulf of Mexico. Offshore drilling in Ottawa, with Petroleum President W. H. Hooper in Calgary guiding the leasing process on this \$671 million purchase of 45 per cent on Pacific Pet. The deal could eventually be

worth \$1.4 billion, looking as Canada's largest take-over, if approved with approval by Pacific Pet's 25 per cent parent, Petroleum Co. Acquires all common shares. Meanwhile Petroleum becomes the second biggest Canadian natural gas producer and among the top 10 oil producers as it gains hold of the integrated oil company that sits through 425 Petrol 66 new gas stations in Western Canada. More importantly, Petroleum may have secured its own future by making less possible. Consider: In 1976, Canada's second largest Petroleum, by definition, says Calgary Conservationist Mr. Harko. "They've scrambled the egg in a way now that makes it difficult to unscramble."

Buckrick McQueen



It was just a flash in the pan

With the gold price in a giddy close on ending at a different, extremely high Canadian gold price with the price of an ounce of gold down to \$206 last week from its \$245 Oct. 30 record. High. The cause: A United States Treasury announcement that it would inject 1.5 million ounces of gold into the market in December. The price fell to a two-week low, the lowest monthly amount, and almost as much gold as Canada produces in a year—in its 230-million-ounce reserves in an effort to make the American dollar more attractive to investors. That plunging price may have taken with it the expansion plans of companies like Northern Metals Ltd. and Du Pont of Canada Exploration Ltd. in British Columbia. American Canada Petroleum Co. Ltd., Pioneer Petroleum Mines Ltd. and Little Long Lake Gold Mines Ltd. in Ontario and Quebec.

If gold prices stay above \$180, those companies and others will continue to study the prospecting of an industry that has been closed after the dream days between 1934 and 1940 when more than 100



Old-time miners: the good gold days

Canadian gold mines produced as much as five million ounces of gold a year (10 percent of world total). With shares of venerable Crown Mines Ltd.—the oldest gold mine in the country—plunging from more than \$100 to \$50 in three weeks, one Vancouver analyst was predicting gold had hit its peak. His Toronto counterparts were just as clearly reflecting the industry's in-horror consensus: "This is the first time we've been over \$200 for any period at least," he says. Most people here are just coming to the top of a two-year up cycle, and are about to go into a two-year down. If the expansion dream fell through, there will be little hope for the industry because, according to Dr. McClelland, a director and assistant secretary treasurer of the labor company, Marten Field, Lake Gold Mines Ltd. There is next to no one prospecting going on in the north. That is what has happened in the U.S. withdrawal of almost all prospecting. Vancouver mining exploration, equipment, supplies, Doug Gibson, has said more than 2,000 placer pits at the last year and last year's night school courses in placer mining. There are more people looking for gold now," he says, "than during the gold rush." The rush of '78 has been, says Gibson, but a real one. 79.

Tom Hogbin: Ian Brown

Tosses of the Bouey knife

It was an effective imitation of two men swimming a garbage-infested river to escape a tribe of cannibals as Finance Minister Jean Chrétien and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau waded the land domain after U.S. interest rates were boosted earlier this month. Confronted to keeping Canadian rates above U.S. levels, but concerned about the implications, 48 hours passed before Bouey called on Chrétien. Even then he made no firm move, preferring to sleep on it. The next day, a Saturday, Chrétien visited Bouey's suburban Ottawa home where the governor told him the domain for the next six years, Canada's trend-setting bank rate would be raised—to a record 10.75 percent. Chrétien, who can veto Bouey, reluctantly agreed and the official word came in an immediate Sunday afternoon news Nov. 5.

The effect was immediate. Last week, the Toronto stock market shot 75 points, banks and trust companies raised lending, mortgage and savings

rates, and the dollar stabilized at 85.54 cents (U.S.). The government also had to hike the Canada Savings Bonds interest rate to 9.5 per cent, the second increase since the same went on sale last month. With savings accounts now paying nine per cent, the rate is expected since \$6.6 billion in sales could be

needed just to pay off maturing or exchanged bonds. The government wants cash, too, to defray its budgetary deficit, meaning sales could reach a record \$20 billion.

Beyond the bond impact, Chrétien and Bouey warned about growth and jobs. While employment fell to 8.5 per cent in October, the lowest since August, 1977, higher interest rates could drive levels back up. But, explained Bouey in a rare appearance before the House of Commons Finance Committee, holding the line on interest rates would have meant "much more trouble, and trouble of a more permanent nature" as a credit fed to the U.S. in search of the higher rates there, causing the Canadian dollar to plummet, fueling inflation and, eventually, causing more unemployment. While Bouey's appeal for "financial discipline" made little in the week record approval from the Montreal Club of Traders, the problem of what to do about short-term expansion growth is now Chrétien's. Awaken with conflicting advice ranging from tax-cutting stimulation to hold-the-line restraint, as he does his trunk to go back into the river for his Nov. 16 budget, however, the period in seven months, Chrétien is swimming alone.

Ian Urquhart



New Maytag Jetclean® Dishwasher out-cleans 'em all.

Gets the dishes you wash most cleaner than other leading brands.

New styling adds a smart touch to your kitchen.

Who else but the dependability people could build a dishwasher this great for you?

We believe the new Maytag Jetclean® Dishwasher could be the standard by which all the others must be judged. Here are some of the reasons why:

1. Cleaner dishes for your family in the regular cycle, the new Maytag gets dishes cleaner than other leading brands. Also unsurpassed for getting pots, pans, even casseroles clean.
2. It dries your dishes better than even others to exclude New Maytag Powerdry which circulates air throughout the dishwasher. Most models let you dry with or without heat, saving electricity.
3. In new styling and smart colors can personalize your kitchen. You can also personalize your Maytag by buying a Custom Trim kit that lets you cover the front panel with fabric, wallpaper, plastic, wood, even stainless steel.



4. We put 10 pounds of sound-absorbing insulation all around the new Maytag Jetclean® Dishwasher.
5. Maytag gives you cycles for every dishwashing job. Tell your choice—built-in or convertible.
6. Loading and unloading couldn't be easier because we've still got two deep racks, top and bottom. Exclusive Maytag Dual Deep-Stacking lets you put 10" plates in both racks. Even big, odd-shaped things fit right in.

How boy Nobody knows 'em like Maytag

7. The capacity is huge. You can probably wash a whole day's dishes, silver glasses, pots and pans for a family of four in one load.



8. The one Maytag Jetclean® Dishwasher has the tested, exclusive Maytag Jetwash spray. Compare with others in the picture above. See? Smaller holes in Maytag Jetwash mean high velocity water jets with immediate self-cleaning power.

9. You also get the tested, exclusive Maytag Macro-Mesh® Filter. The small holes in Maytag's filter top even tiny food particles—won't let them get back on your dishes.

10. Of course, the new Maytag Jetclean® Dishwasher is built as just the dependability people build in—to take it, and keep on taking it. Before you buy any dishwasher, compare it your Maytag. Dealers share. Buy now and save \$20 with the certificate below.



MAYTAG JETCLEAN® DISHWASHER

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Buy a new Maytag Jetclean® Dishwasher now and get a \$25 refund directly from the Maytag Company. Mail the certificate, also add or take from your Maytag Dishwasher dealer of purchase model number and wash number to: The Maytag Company Ltd., 278 The Mill Road, Bendale, Ontario, Canada M9P 1H7. Offer good only on new models M2000, M2000, M2000, M2000, M2000, M2000, M2000, M2000. The certificate may be non-refundably reproduced and is not transferable. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada. Void where prohibited by law. Refund per dishwasher purchased regardless of purchase value.

Your name for \$25 refund must be postmarked on or before January 31, 1979. NNN

Your Name

(Print Clearly in block letters, please use a complete and correct address.)

Address

City

Province

Postal Code

Country: U.S.A. or Canada

How the beaver turned to gold

I haven't yet reached the point of kitting-saying, but given the consumer's yen this year to throw a fur—any fur—on her back, owners of the lustrous Persian cat or the smolder-eyed Siamese might be wise to keep a close eye on their pet's natural outings. The darning modulation of fur prices (up about 20 per cent from 1977 alone, and as much as 500 per cent in three years for certain furs such as lynx) seems to have done little to stem the growing appetite of women and men to buy and buy more.

Last year Canadians shelled out a record \$380 million for manufactured furs and that figure is expected to increase this year.

But the big story in fur merchandising is the fashion designers' rush to get their names on brocade-and-jersey fur-coat fringes. Almost universally in their haste to cash in on the big profits of fur (average markup on a coat, like most garments, is about 180 per cent, but individual items can retail as high as \$10,000 for Russian lynx or Crowe sable

and average out in the \$4,000 range), haute couture and prêt-à-porter designers are leaping over one another's fashionably padded shoulders in the rush to get a fur for *les Français*. Yves St. Laurent got his first collection last year America's Helmut, Geoffrey Boree, Anne Klein, and virtually all of the Manhattan Seventh Avenue mafias are crowding one another's guard hairs in the nation's fur miasms. This year Canadian fashion designer Leo Chevalier joined the pandemonium and succeeded with a bang unopposed on the Canadian export furber scale. Chevalier's collection (for Natural Furs of Montreal) premiered last spring at a snappy evening at—where else?—Manhattan's lavishly-lit disco Studio 54, with 86 models marching forward in battalions of Chevalier lynx-and-beaver uniforms. The platoon of models undulated in waves back and forth across Studio 54's stage against a 120-foot-wide cyclorama of New York's skyline, artificial snow falling steadily on their heads and tails. It was 60 minutes of unrelenting glamor and New York's "We're-more-than-just" set of retailers lapped it up. By September Chevalier had a solid sell on the Montreal storage vaults. "We sold every Chevalier coat we had," says Natural Furs Vice-President Irving Canlin. "We can't fill any more orders till after this November and if we'll had the production capacity we could have sold another \$1.5 million worth."

Long a star in the Canadian fashion firmament with his Montreal couture sales (phased out in 1975), Chevalier has become something of a guilty over-seller he turned his hand to designing ready-to-wear. When Natural Furs decided to enter the designer marketplace, it was Irving Canlin's decision to go with Chevalier. "We knew he designed for the customer who likes the good lines of higher-priced fashion and that was a look we needed to compete with the Europeans." Prices for Chevalier furs in Canada (which retail nationally at The Bay, currently upgrading its fashion range) range from a wheel-of-fortune fur coat at \$1,500, a natural raccoon coat for \$3,500, and little fox jackets ("to go over the jeans"), explained the mid-50s shopper at Tarnoff's Bay, slipping on a red and grey fox topper) at \$2,500. Top-quality skins are often



The Fendi Look: for those who wouldn't be caught dead in another's solid old fur coat.

worked like fabric, drape-bell and wild mix coats with yoked backs that have the elegance of a high fashion look but a versatility that can weather almost any fashion about-face. "My customer," says Chevalier, "doesn't want to spend several thousand dollars on a coat to find it dated in a couple of seasons."

But some Canadians, wealthy enough or maybe just blithe enough about fashion, do. And for them, Canadian stores are showing a newly different breed of designer furs. These designers march in a paw set by Italian beaveries like Giancarlo Piga, Fendi or the high chic of Giorgio Armani and Creta Buit. Though prices are astronomical, the skins used are generally in the lower price range. Piga is particularly fond of minkskin, lamb, rabbit, and raccoon dyed in retrogressive colors of plum, black or gold. A Fendi plume minkskin full-length coat over a quilted cotton coat goes for \$4,500. An Armani raccoon coat by Riva sells for \$10,000. "What you are buying," explains Helmut Renshaw's public relations director Krysztyna Griffin, "is a piece of art. This is the look for a woman who wouldn't be caught dead in her mother's maid old fur, who wishes The Fur Coat." When

Holt Renfrew decided to take an echelon on the Fendi line, Griffin travelled across Canada last year showing the coats. "We didn't know what to expect," she says. "But when a working girl in Winnipeg asked me to hold a \$1,700 cotton raincoat trimmed with minkskin lamb over the Dutch hour so she could arrange a bank loan to buy it, I knew we had a market. These coats are bought by women with their own incomes. A husband doesn't buy a million-colored chopped-up fur vest for his wife. He stays with the safety of a nice little mink."

From the consumer point of view, however, a Fendi-type coat makes best sense if one has fur coats to spare. The one design has heavily no chevron and fastened fur. This means has far used in the coat, and a narrower, more fashionable look achieved by alternating stripes of leather with strips of fur. It also means fur coats more skins that can come apart with wear. "This Riva raccoon coat," explains Jeffrey Nelson, manager of Cress's (Toronto) fur sales, "is made by computer. There are hundreds of thousands of bits of fur, some no larger than a quarter of an inch square, all sewn into this specific design." What's confusing consumers and retailers alike is the profusion of fancy fur names. "Sometimes a customer comes in and asks for a fur she's seen in

a magazine and we don't know what it is," explains Nelson. "What has happened is that as the market becomes more competitive, each designer looks for a new name for his fur and so they are calling the Japanese raccoon one name, the Finnish raccoon another and so on. Really it's the same old raccoon or weasel." Examples, however, (raccoon family, formerly known as ringnecked owl, marmot (groundhog), tanuki (Japanese raccoon), karadulki (Asian chipmunk). Only the prices are different. And the reason for the illusion seems fairly simple—whatever the market will bear. "No one," says Cress's Nelson, "believes in currency anymore. They're putting their money in things."

His advice to the Canadian consumer with \$5,000 and as much for a fur is straightforward. "Take \$5,000 and have a fantastic vacation. Then, if you're young, buy a long-haired natural Canadian beaver and if it's far your mother, get her a plucked and shorned natural grey Canadian beaver. It's the best-looking fur in the world and in the States and Europe a similar quality coat will sell for close to \$4,000. It's only the Canadian consumer who has forgotten the beaver." Noteholders note. Leo Chevalier does a beaver coat that's selling five grand online in the United States. Barbara Amiel



Two stars in glittering Chevalier line up a bang unopposed on export furber scale.

late last month for a Centre for Human Freedom and Sexuality.

The conference was billed as the first of its kind in Canada. For most of the 200 social service workers and psychoanalysts there to discuss the national psyche the dragons was slain the neurotic, repressed patient needs his restraints air-shielded. And the sexual sublimation is a modern-day Silex must be defended. "We're experiencing a move to the right in society," says Dr. Peter Cole, a member of the organizing committee. "It's a reactionary phenomenon which worries me. The implications are great, espe-

cially in times of economic difficulty when people want more security and revert to more control. That undermines human freedom." At the conference, the symptoms were recounted, the banning of Louis Riel's *Pretty Baby* in Ontario, the confiscation of books by respectable Canadian authors, the widening net of rather vaguely worded obscenity laws, legal charges against *The Body Politic*, a gay magazine, the seizure of *Poisonous* at the border.

"Sexual revolution," explains University of Toronto sociologist and author, John Alan Lee, "is fundamental to so-

cial change." A member of the conference committee and a homosexual, he adds, "Society's attitude toward sex is a real teachable. There are two taboos rarely open to discussion or challenge: sex and power. It's only in the last 10 years we realized that they are related." The arts are particularly vulnerable in times of economic and moral constriction, says GND broadcaster Bronwyn Drainie, a conference panelist. Political and religious leaders "jump on the bandwagon and play off the fears and miseries of well-meaning people." The politics of sexuality, the leading theme of the conference and the raison d'être of the centre's lobbyists, was enunciated by standard-bearer, sexologist Dr. John Money. Political discourse in human and sexual deviance in the West, argues the Johns Hopkins University therapist, parallel one another. Law in the West has stepped into the shoes vacated by the church. "The secular authority [there] performs the inquisitorial function of suppressing sexual heresy," says Money, "and of dictating and censoring what people should and should not know or do sexually."

Organizers of the "self-funding" Toronto centre set as its aim "the defence and extension of intelligent and non-sensory approaches to sexual freedom." But they may have a long way to go to achieve a consensus without diluting principle. When a local cable TV camera panned the audience at the opening conference lecture, those people discreetly left the hall, later telling the organizer they didn't even want to be seen in attendance. The conference makeup varied from civil rights lawyers to radical feminists, gays and prostitutes, to sexual workers in tents and corridors throwing around words like such as "grassroots," "humanism," and "experiential." Underlying the feminist rhetoric and sociopolitical jargon at the "consciousness-raising" sessions was a universal angst whose cure was not readily outlined. Nor were the tolerable limits of freedom well delineated. Chief organizer, psychiatrist Frank Sommers admitted some of his mainstream professional colleagues may be reluctant to move out of their insulated clients. "Traditionally, the therapeutic community has tried to stay in the background. There will be some resistance. But it's a question of time and education."

"I don't want to be a heretic," mused an another conservative member, manager and sex therapist Judith Golden. "They have them at the stake." Personally harassed after delivering a lecture last year as masturbator, she adds, "When you get support you're no longer considered a heretic. It becomes an 'alternative viewpoint.' None of us need an alternative viewpoint."

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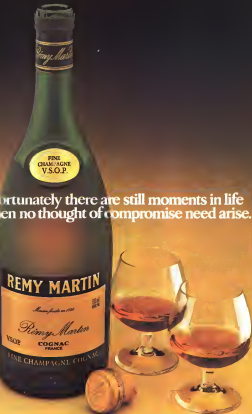
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Labor

Little fish in a big pond catch nothing but trouble

It takes McCreary hasn't been fishing long enough to acquire the garbled, weather-beaten facial trademark of the veteran British Columbia commercial fisherman. The fresh-faced 35-year-old, who still looks much like the fellow who left university eight years ago with a few hundred in his pocket to start fishing, seems to have everything going for him: he's got a new home and several acres of land in the lush Queen Charlotte Islands, 350 miles north of Vancouver, owns a \$58,000, 32-foot trailer and takes his wife and daughter to Mexico for the long, rainy winter.

This year, however, the joy went out of McCreary's life and that of about 300

other fishermen, who dared to continue fishing during a brief strike last July launched by the officious, left-wing West Coast United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union (UFWA). They were branded scabs and their names circled on a blacklist throughout the industry, cutting them off from their markets and suppliers; some were even threatened with violence. "They became outcasts and pariahs in a tight community of fishermen," says one industry official.

The list hurt, since most B.C. fish companies, including the two major firms—B.C. Packers Ltd. and Canadian Fishing Co.—are unaffiliated, and their

employees have consistently refused to handle blacklisted fish. The only way those on the list could erase their names was with a \$2,500 "donation" to the union. In retaliation, the small, 270-member Pacific Gillnetters Association (PGA), which represents many of the renegade fishermen, hired high-priced legal help to challenge the legality of the blacklist, before the B.C. Labor Relations Board. The board's decision could have dramatic repercussions, given the wild-west nature of the B.C. fishing industry, which provides 38 per cent of Canada's \$815-million-a-year fish export value. Nearly 90 per cent of the West Coast fleet is privately owned. But its independent nature has also caused problems for the UFWA: a series of court rulings declared B.C. fishermen ineligible for collective bargaining since they are not employees of the fish companies. So the UFWA has no legal status with B.C.'s 3,000 commercial fishermen and can only bargain prices with packers on the shaky basis of its 2,500 voluntary-member strength and dispute of threats via the blacklist.

McCreary (below) and donation cheques you don't beat the blacklist, you pay up

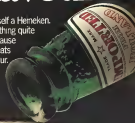


Union boss Jack McCreary: cutting the losses

McCreary decided he couldn't wait for the board's ruling, expedient since since he could not sell his fish while still on the list. The local union told him he could get off it for \$2,500—\$2,000 as a donation to a union fund to build a house for retired fishermen and \$500 as a performance bond, returnable after three years. McCreary paid. "It was either pay the money or get out of town," he says. But he's bitter at what he regards as the union's "Mafia tactics" and blew the whistle by testifying at the labor relations board hearings. Don Knorr, another independent fisherman who fished during the strike, is still on the list. "It wasn't any fun out there," he says. "Being called a scab over and over again kind of gets you

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down, and you know they hate your guts."

High febrile have carried over into the nine days of hearings held by the board late last month. Union members, who turned out in force for the hearings, passed notes to union lawyer and Vancouver Alumnus Harry Rankin during his cross-examination such as "Doesn't this suit make you pale?" The hearings were also disrupted for several days when the union stalked out temporarily upon the appearance of federal ombudsman investigator Klaus Wagnaruk, who has been looking into UFAWU activities. Wagnaruk protested he was solely present "out of private interest" but labor board Chairman Rod Gormane ticked off the federal government for being "discourteous" in not warning the board in advance. "This outrage is something I haven't seen in all my years in the fishing industry," says UFAWU Secretary-Treasurer George Housman.

Given the UFAWU's lack of legal clout, the members' concern is understandable. To allow independent, non-union fishermen to fish salmon without penalty during a strike would cripple the delicate negotiating stance of the union, which doesn't represent most West Coast fishermen although it's the largest single organization.

Housman doesn't think McCreary got a bad deal when he paid the \$9,506 "if we had normal rights like other unions, it would be a normal fine for breaking rules and there wouldn't be all this controversy." Ron Williamson, former union manager says, however, that his members don't want to be represented by the union, and parents to the union's constitution, which presently excludes union members from full membership status. "There is room for many associations in the fishing industry," he argues, "and we are concerned about one group [the UFAWU] dominating."

The current struggle is nothing new for the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union, which has weathered the pining of its leaders, attacks by the federal cabinet branch, expulsion from the Canadian Labor Congress for 20 years because of alleged "Communist leanings" and adverse court rulings in its 35-year history.

For the labor board, the situation is unlikeliest—and there is little chance of a ruling before next spring's herring fishing season. It must balance the animosity of the union's blacklist with the considerable sympathy it has expressed in the past for the union's plight in having no legal right to bargain collectively. The ruling must also be sufficiently judicious to defuse the tensions ahead in this strange and bitter fish war. A tough task.

Rod Nickleburgh



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Hypertension: medical world under pressure

Paul Orosky went to his physician for a routine checkup and found he was suffering from hypertension. He was placed on a course of drug therapy but, as he didn't feel sick to begin with, he didn't see much point in taking his pills and easily persuaded himself to discontinue treatment. Within the year the Winnipeg man was dead of a stroke at the age of 51. Orosky's condition and his reaction to it exemplify the enormity of the problem the medical world faces in the detection and treatment of hypertension—a mysterious, sometimes fatal high blood-pressure condition that is believed to affect almost one Canadian in 16. But it seems to be a symptom-free disorder, how can its victims be found? And if they are found, how can they be persuaded to undergo treatment, especially when the side effects of the prescribed diabetic drugs—

dizziness and depression—are often worse than the disorder?

The prognosis for people with hypertension isn't good. A major study underway at the University of Manitoba shows that men with the disorder are 34 times more likely to die during heart attack—and almost nine times more likely to die during stroke—than men with normal blood pressure. And medical researchers are worried that efforts to combat the growing affliction—it affects 20 per cent of the increasing proportion of Canadians over 50—are being hampered by a lack of awareness. Medical statistics bear out these fears, showing that of the more than 600,000 hypertensives in Ontario, half don't know they have the disorder, half of those who do know aren't being treated and half of those being treated don't have their condition under control.

In an attempt to reach as many Canadians as possible, medical authorities four years ago launched what became known as the shopping plaza screening program. Booths were set up in urban shopping centres across the country for anyone to have his blood pressure measured. But although the program attracted considerable public interest and turned up many sufferers who didn't know they were hypertensive, it floundered after two years when it was found the numbers being

measured were small relative to the total population, and the cost of teams and equipment was too high.

Finally, critics of the program put their finger on the nub of the problem: screening should be one of the routine checks carried out by the family physician—in view of the fact that 80 per cent of Canadians see their doctors at least once every two years—but too often it is omitted. The doctors' checks were also recommended in 1977 by an Ontario task force on hypertension. One obvious danger was also uncovered in the shopping plaza approach: that of labelling a person hypertensive.

Extensive studies conducted on Hawthorn steelworkers since 1975 by Dr Brian Haynes and a team from McMaster University have shown that once men found out they had high blood pressure, there was an immediate 80-per-cent rise in their absenteeism rate. Interestingly, the men had elevated pressures for over a year before they were told, but the problems of absenteeism and dissatisfaction at home began only afterward. The ethical issue is that men be considered as a result of this research as the questionable benefit of the patient's right to know. "The advantages of telling the patient about his condition far outweigh the disadvantages," says Haynes. "Whatever the costs might be initially, once the patient recognizes himself in his condition and complies with treatment, then there is a good chance that he will lead a normal life."

Dr. Haynes's statement is supported by the results of his research. These workers who took their medication regularly experienced no significant rise in absenteeism. Conversely, patients who stopped complying showed an immediate



Haynes with blood-pressure test machine getting the patient to help him relax

rise in absenteeism. Clearly, the researchers reasoned, the patient's willingness to assume responsibility for his condition should play an important role in determining whether or not he would comply with treatment.

The long-term benefits of such treatment are worth fighting for. A Veterans Administration co-operative study in the U.S. has shown that the risk of developing complications over a five-year period as a result of untreated hypertension was reduced from 58 per cent in those who receive no treatment to 18 per cent in those treated. Complicating these results is the fact that no one knows what causes hypertension. Experiments have shown that factors as varied as salt intake, obesity, alcohol consumption, stress, soft drinking water, heredity and lifestyle may all play some role in hypertension. There are also some well recognized states that are associated with hypertension, such as kidney disease. More and more the approach that medical science is taking is that hypertension has no single cause.

Drugs are not the only method by which high blood pressure can be reduced. Within the last few years it has been shown that yoga, transcendental meditation, biofeedback or simple weight reduction can also lower blood pressure. In a recent study in Israel, overweight hypertensives were placed on a reducing diet; by merely losing weight, 75 per cent of the patients were able to lower their blood pressures to normal.

The future for hypertension research may be intriguing and promising but the present reality lies in its detection and control through compliance with conventional treatment. Even for this to happen, the individual must assume an active if not aggressive role in his own health care. And then there is the question of the family doctor's co-operation. Says Dr. Haynes: "The next time you visit your doctor, make sure you get your blood pressure taken. Even if he doesn't think of it, insist upon it."

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Dr. David Sackler (far left), "pulsist" Wayne Taylor and Mike Chumley (far right) administer a "side effect" they hadn't thought of



Theatre

The importance of being crassly commercial

At a time when most Canadian actors face a future of rice and peas, dancers and theaters cover under the wrath of stingy governments, Naveen Andrews, a young Montreal actor, is going to earn \$30,000 this year. He has just returned to Canada after four months abroad performing in London's West End and at the prestigious Edinburgh Festival where his one-man show, *Dear Remembrance*, met critics into states of rapture and abandon. A new one-man offering, *Dance for Gods*, opens in Montreal next week in January. He begins a two-month Canadian tour with *Dear*, taking him to eight cities in the spring, he returns to London and then New York, possibly Broadway.

His schedule is, in fact, so solidly booked that his dance career is filled until the spring of 1990 when he'll perform at an arts festival in Perth, Australia. The executive-student theme (he is twice ranked guest by the Canada Council) comes from performances abroad and from royalties from the publication of *Dear Remembrance* in a few months, a second book containing three new plays—*Rembrandt*, *Dance for Gods* and *Conversations*—is slated for print. "You've got to know what the best thing you do is, and flag it for all its worth,"

the above-quoted 25-year-old says candidly and cockily. "It doesn't matter how good or how bad you are, if you don't survive."

To hear him talk, you'd think he appreciated an arts program rather than a shabby little theatre, the Phoenix, set atop a dragon in the posh Montreal suburb of Town of Mount Royal. But not only to aggressive self-promotion but also an attitude of haughtiness and utter self-confidence, he errs. "All artists must carry 100-per-cent confidence and 300-per-cent humility at all times. Yes, I'm very, very good. I cannot think of an actor who's so good who can do what I can do, and I can think of 20-year-old actors who can do what I cannot do." While in London, the Canadian cultural officer there began flirting with him as "Canada's finest young actor," and Macdonald, at first discreetly cautious, nevertheless quickly embraced the idea. "Canadians are just too cautious," he says, his voice a restrained monotone, his face expressing disgust. "I can't act like the boy next door. I don't look like the boy next door. So let me fall by my own standards," he adds, vocal barometer rising.

The claim to Macdonald's over-weening ambition, conceit, and bearing

Macdonald: a case of arrogance and eccentricity, naivete and nerve

he is in his background, he left the teenage slays of Bombay, India, after the death of his father, an affluent dentist, then emigrated to Canada with his mother and older brother. They had \$300 to get them going in the new world. Of India, he recalls the private boarding school he attended in Bombay and seeing Sir John Gielgud performing *Macbeth* and his one-man Shakespeare show, *Age of Man*. His time as a youth was dedicated to study, sports, theater, and naming himself of a sister caused by short temper tantrums. The world he encountered in Canada at age 16 was far different from the servants who attended him in his native India.

By the end of his first year at Loyola College, he had formed a theatre group and produced *Richard II*, *Crucible*, *Last Year*, *Hamlet* and musicals such as *Oliver* and *The Boy Friend*. He embarked with the idea of the one-man show with *Dear Remembrance*, a reminiscence of Oliver Wilde, by his confidante Todd Alfred (Bosse) Douglas. The play, when featured at an amateur drama festival in Montreal, caught the attention of William Hatt, director of Stratford's Festival Stage, who invited Macdonald to bring it to the overhauling actor not to head for New York after the successful Stratford run. "Do what you do best and the rest will come to you," Hatt said. He proved to be right.

Amused, his second play, based on the life of the French symbolist poet, landed him down from the little theatre above the dragons. "Montreal—and I was disappointed. You can only go so far in your own home town. Once they accept you, what's next? Montreal was my mean song. It was time to go."

Besides *Dear* and *Strawbed*, he has two other plays in development. *Dance for Gods*, based on the life and times of a Greek actor in Euripides' and *Conversations*, concerning the Russian impresario Diaghilev, Nijinsky's mentor and tormenter, which opens in London in November.

Success grants him no play, then takes its toll. "My nerves get worse the more I do," he confesses. "I'm just more aware of what the pressures are every time I step on that stage. I always wonder if I'm up to it. For the first few weeks I was I was I was anybody but an actor... But then the nerves are over, and it's magic."

An afterthought: "For someone who's so crassly commercial as I am, acting is a religion." **Jodi Macdonald**



Books

The dauntingly prolific beige typewriter keys

In 1997 an award-winning novelist and playwright, talking casually with writer John D. Macdonald, only dismissed Macdonald's paperback thrillers as fragments before Macdonald, indeed, made a bet that within two months he could produce a book that would be published in hard as well as soft covers, serialized in a slick-paper magazine, become a major book-club bestseller and then filmed. The novel, *The Executioner*, quickly fulfilled the first two conditions and the film, entitled *Cape Fear*, starred Gregory Peck and Robert Mitchum.

That bet, which Macdonald now describes as "childish," shifted his career into an incredible and sustained high gear. The prolific proof 50 titles selling an estimated 60 million copies. Confessions came on *The New York Times* hard-cover list last year for six months. *Panorama* printed 1,650,000 paperback copies. Two days after the U.S. publication of his newest thriller, *The Empty Copier*, *See* (Macdonald & Stewart) \$11.95, the publisher ordered a third printing, taking the hard-cover run to 50,000. *Copier* rose in the *17th* in Macdonald's *Travis McDaniel* series.

Though Macdonald denies questions

about McGeer's origins, according to publishing legend, the detective was conceived to embody all the best features of middle-aged, middle-class North American men. Surrounded by beach houses on a luxurious houseboat, McGeer "takes his retirement in stages," working only when he needs cash for the life—take deals, two Hercule Poirot, thick socks and tall waders. Always tall waders.

Initially, McGeer says, McGeer was "too naive and Germanic." The fact that he has been in recent books has always sounded off against the little nation in the world around him—everything from the doctor of Plymouth gas to the dropping of the Florida coastline. But his master admits that lately there's been "a kind of malaise." McGeer is getting older and his friends keep getting older. "Your friends serve as your identity. McGeer's pattern involved with people, but I keep peering them out of his life. You say those people can be replaced, but they can't. You can't keep going around explaining who you are. So you begin to lose identity. His life keeps getting narrower, and there's like darkness." Deter-

mined to do something about McGeer's isolation, Macdonald allows that malaise to deepen in *Copier*.

Macdonald did plan to explicate McGeer's life in this book by re-introducing characters who had escaped unharmed from earlier adventures. "There's in the next book, now," he says. "I'm just into it. It's due Jan. 21." What about Greid, the woman in *Copier*? "I just liked her," he responds. Stunned silence. "Sorry," he chuckles. "I got rid of her with a varnish on the umbrella. Trust you know, the one they said is that McGeer's wife is London." The stubbed him in the leg with an umbrella. *Fewer Red* pressure shoots up. Then total kidney failure. Some exotic compound, probably as alkali. They still haven't figured it out. That appeared to be the end of the grotesque.

It's typical of Macdonald to study the medical details of a minor plot complication and incorporate them into a book. *Business* intrigues is also a Macdonald trademark, especially in the McGeer books. Macdonald studied business at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School and has an MBA from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. For years he worked his last nine years for plans. "Years and years ago," Macdonald says, "there used to be ads in the mystery magazines for something called Platts. 'Sign the wheel and get a bet,' that sort of thing. Well, those Harvard case studies were my Platts. If you look at them from the point of view of the

human beings involved, rather than for the management techniques—which are what you're supposed to look at, of course—they can be fascinating."

The Harvard "B" school's alumni is a mass of blond hair, square jaw and sunny hair who take life at a pace suited for maximum comfort. Looking 10 years younger than his 62, there's still a frisky that comes from a life of minor illnesses that began with dengue caught in Ceylon in World War II. He's laager of friends (as McGee readers might expect) but with the underdeveloped arms and legs of a man who has spent

most of his working life behind a desk. There are two desks in his study in Barnstable where he lives with Dorothy, his wife of 41 years. One desk for each of the two books he is usually writing simultaneously—one McGee, one not. No secretary. No typist. He produces all his own manuscripts and correspondence on a space-age IBM Correcting Selection, which *Esquire* magazine once dubbed "The American Bings Typewriter." Human housework hasn't become a problem for Macdonald since the McGee books began appearing in hard-

cover five years ago. He's become a subject of academic interest. A John D. MacDonald Conference on Mystery and Detective Fiction, a paper on Travis McGee as "Traditional Hero," and so on.

He's suspicious of lefty potholes in life and art. "Coping yellow fever was a good thing, I guess, but that yellow fever cure is what has the world awash in people. There's really no way for anyone to prove that there's anything that's valid, that's worth doing."

Travis McGee, at his most wryly cynical, couldn't have said it better.

Charlie O'keefe

Life is a bowl of sour cream

JANE'S THING

by Virginia Jones
Fiction: Punks and Beets \$15.95

Jake Richardson, the hero of this reptilian novel, despises women, airplanes, Americans, tourists, psychiatrists, the working class, the young—and that's just the vanguard of his scorn. A cynical Oxford don, he dwells retirement but works as little as possible. Denying most of his acquaintances, he also detests a stretch of people he's never met. And he's impatient. The title refers to you-know-what. It's typical Knapley Ames.

Ames' first book, *Lucky Jim*, was also his funniest, most famous and best. His novels, in the intervening 25 years, have gotten steadily more sour and unlovely, like a bowl of cream lyme spread a kraken under the table. In *Jake's Thing* he deliberately creates parallels with *Lucky Jim* as an academic setting, a non-fit hero, a hangover awakening, a disastrous emotional weekend. But the old

Ames he who lives by the book



Ames he who lives by the book

exuberance has gone. The only rebellions now are laconic and poignant at once, the result as arctic blend of misery and complacency.

The novel depicts Jake's vain attempts to recover his interest in sex. His efforts gain him a couple of ex-girlfriends and lose him a fat wife. By the end he's on his own, where he belongs. His emotional and physical failure is matched by Ames' artistic bankruptcy; the novel, like its hero, is jaded and squallid. Jake's derision of sloppy language would ring a sinner note had Ames not used such a pedestrian, occasionally ungrammatical style. Jake's contempt for present-day England would carry more force if Ames would find warms or pleasure in human beings. Intended as an invective against British society, which (*Ames thinks*) has sold out to the crass, the foreign and the modern, *Jake's Thing* tells us less about Britain than about its author's withered world. The only values it offers are pangs and worry. This book lives by the lily.

Ames can still tell a story, still raise a snicker or a bitter laugh, yet *Jake's Thing* has no imaginative force. Its epigrams feed on prejudice, self-pity and lauding. You finish the book more sorrowful than angry, but it's better never to begin.

Mark Ashley

Plenty of combat and lots of wind

WAR AND FEMINIMANCE

by Herman Wouk
Fiction: Bantam: \$17.95

Unabashedly enough people remember *The Gunpowder Men*, *Marjorie Monaghan*, and *World War II* to explain why Herman Wouk's latest novel,

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War and Remembrance, racketed to first place on the best-seller lists the very week it was published (the logic that eager readers have both the requisite perseverance to plow through its 1,800 pages and the strength to lift the nearly four-pound tome. It would be a great book to read in bed if you didn't risk cracking your chest in the process.)

The novel continues the saga of the Henry family that *Woe* began in *The Winds of War*. After chronicling the activities of the clan in the brink of war, *Woe* now carries their story through the momentous events of the world conflagration wherever there is action, there is also a Henry. Paterfamilias Pug Henry has a ship sunk at Pearl Harbor, and another at Guadalcanal. He negotiates lend-lease agreements with the Russians and turns up as a military aide to President Truman at the Potsdam Conference. There is a Henry at the Battle of Midway and another patrolling the Pacific in a submarine. A daughter-in-law finds herself trapped behind German lines, and Pug's prospective bride manages to be on the scene during the fall of Singapore and the Battle of Bataan.

At last, *War and Remembrance* is resurrection of a beloved childhood book chronicling the improbable existence of a determined nation who followed Ben-

jamin Franklin through the founding years of the United States. Through him, we are treated to a reader's-eye view of history, and this, on a far grander scale, is what we get in *War and Remembrance*.

Sometimes it all gets too confusing. Baffling explanations of grand strategy at the Battle of Midway between the personal drama of the Henry family in constant leaves one longing for the lucid prose of that great naval historian, Samuel Eliot Morison. In contrast, *Woe* is at its best when he writes about events which grip his imagination.

His evocation of the horrors of Nazi concentration camps is powerful and tremendously moving. And, perhaps, that is triumph enough for *Woe*, whose self-proclaimed objective is to "lead us from the long, long time of war to the time for peace." And the nightmare of Atsuke, a, of course, a far more realistic deterrent to inhumane slaughter than the glory of Guadalcanal.

But Captain Quigg of the Corps has long realized, the ball bearings he rolls in his hands have rolled.

His Christopher

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *War and Remembrance, Woe* (2)
- 2 *Chesapeake, Michener* (1)
- 3 *Feen Ula, Pate* (6)
- 4 *The Far Proclaim, Kays* (3)
- 5 *30-30, Douglas* (2)
- 6 *Jurich, Van Hout*
- 7 *Gita Chertis Farquharson's Testaments, Horne*
- 8 *Grouse, Huggen* (5)
- 9 *Prisoners to Terror, Maclean* (16)
- 10 *Evergreen, Pate* (5)

NONFICTION

- 1 *Grandma's Dynasty, Newman* (3)
- 2 *It's Life in a Band of Chertis—What Am I Doing in the Prison, Rumbach* (4)
- 3 *When Lovers Are Friends, Smith* (1)
- 4 *The Complete Book of Fishing, Pate* (2)
- 5 *The Wild Frontier, Burton* (8)
- 6 *The Joy of Hockey, Alton* (7)
- 7 *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, Pate* (1)
- 8 *Search of a Lady's Man, Orlan* (10)
- 9 *Robert Kennedy and His Times, Schlesinger* (8)
- 10 *The Brazilian Wagon, Beverly* (4)

1. *Prisoners to Terror*
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Films

The serpent's egg meets its momma face to face

ALBUMI SOMME
Directed by Agnès Varda

There are so many great, gorgeous close-ups in Ingmar Bergman's new movie that an eye or leg begins to look like a rare and exotic object, and the confrontations between the grandparents (mother and daughter) are so voraciously intense that you begin to lose focus about Valpurga, Susanna—anything but not another close-up. The movie is a masterpiece and the emotions elongated for beyond their importance. A simple "yes" or "no" takes on profound proportions. The two characters are so close to us that Agnès Varda turns into a

parade of pores.

Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), a vain, worldly, and kindly concert pianist, returns to visit her ailing, middle-aged daughter Eva (Liv Ullmann) who is married to a pastor (who is so sensible and all-knowing he could give Christ a run for his cash). Eva is taking care of her sister Helena (Lena Nyman) whom Charlotte had sent to a nursing home and who is suffering from an unspecified disease, which appears to be over-sensitization. She and her sister were abandoned by their mother throughout their lives. Eva embarks on a vengeful crusade to reduce Charlotte to hysterical lunacy. The movie, where

Ullmann, Bergman, a parade of pores

the two talk early into the morning in unrelenting close-up, seems the longest ever committed to film and Bergman is really out to get the mother.

She also seems to have lost nearly all sense of rhythm, visual design and drama, the actors, faced by the cameras, plunge into their performances without warning and every subtlety they aren't given gets stretched out. In the film's only first scene—a clank in its own right—Eva plays a Chopin prelude, she examines it, but it's moving, and it explains poignantly how Ingrid Bergman's magnificent face Charlotte lives plays the piece "vain, dear and harsh." Eva watches her with wonder, awe, and hate. The movie tells more about the two women than when they go at each other's throats later on and the scene starts eliminating us lightly.

Eva's accusations include denial of affection, a forced abortion, and blame for her sister's illness. She tells Charlotte she's a monster, not the sufferer. Then Liv throws out her fit scenes from *Face to Face*. There's a "sons of the mother visited on the daughter" speech, a visual diet of talking heads performed from *Parasite*, a so-were-it-happ-for-usable interlude—and finally—fillets, the basket case, crying and whispering for her mother at the top of the stairs.

The characters in *Autumn Sounds* have no depth, there's nothing beneath their surface concepts. The film's pace psychology is absolutely unrelenting. Walking with a leash, Liv Ullmann wears granny glasses, a plaid skirt, sweater and braids. This was all she needed to become the world's most beautifully gifted actress. Berny's photography is grainy and drizzly, the

Florida, Cass, stare dumb, plump, awful

over the road when she was a fly heretofore. The cattle barn is gone to the dogs and shepherds and burnt in anything. I'd get no love for her in the past and there, close about Richards is such an old girl. Cass, Taint's sister, with her in a malarial, shepherds show a good shot of straight-on, weakness (could I) had. Ya kids, let's story for this, well it's all to left. Half everything's all so doing. The story jumps all over the place into a busy jumble.

It gets over review, all that lip in it. It means well. I care about this. I love a lot with a little better, all before you know it. It does good, all, she on her. Her shadow. It does I help, some better to be on a western place, place in the 50s. There's some gonna be another Kings Kid or a Pioneer anyway. That's what in there for help. This all. **Lawrence O'Toole**

movie looks like the shot in. And while it may appear that Ingrid Bergman is turning into Katharine Hepburn before our very eyes, she's not, she also gives the movie its only vitality. But her powerhouse performance is redundant in close-up.

We never really discover what drives Charlotte, to her music. There's just Bergman's golden ticking clock. It's a 50-year-woman party. Bergman, the man who would be the part of pain, has turned into a shocker. Her selling sensitivity—by the way.

Lawrence O'Toole

Fear of flying beyond feminism

ONE SHOT: THE OTHER GOSSETT
Directed by Agnès Varda

There's a tale of two women, dedicated to a woman, written and directed by a feminist. Agnès Varda, one of the vanguards of the French New Wave in the '60s, has made a film that's full of women and empty of life. With a plot thicker than *The Edge of Night*,



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with stylish acting and memorable images, *One Night, the Other Days* Yanks under the weight of its worthiness.

Beginning in Paris, 1960, ending in rural France 14 years later, the film traces the lives of two friends, a rebellious young singer who marries an Italian socialist, and an unworldly mother whose boy-friend commits suicide. After a miserable retreat to her parents' farm, the unwed mother, Suzanne (Christine Lahti) opens a family planning clinic. By 1974 the singer, Penelope (Valérie Mairesse), is herself a single parent, while Suzanne has found fulfillment in a doctor's spacious arms. "Such a yearning to be a couple," Suzanne says. The filmmaker has a very soft core.

There are some things Yanks cares passionately about, notably a woman's right to abortion. When Penelope and Suzanne meet after a long separation, it's at a pre-abortion rally where Penelope sings *Blue eyes, don't cry*. But the movie is so cool and passive that you long for any sort of passion. If it lacks the staidness of a *Law* Western-style movie, it also lacks the risk and fan-burgence that made *Sweet Amy* or *Seven Minutes* cultatively watchable.

Our Shags is unusually perceptive about children and friendship. And it lures with telling moments such as Suzanne, forbidden from typing in her father's house, blowing on her freezing fingers as she learns to type in a shed, surrounded by cows. But the moments don't connect; there's no drive or fire. The music should have helped, only Mairesse is a woeful singer and Yvonne a dire lyricist. The real failure of the movie is that it doesn't make us care. It ends in a bath of conservatism and light, the New Wave is pumping old water onto familiar shores. **Mark Abkey**

The violent bear it away

THE WILD GEORGE

Directed by Andrew Helgren

There's a lot of blood in this movie, most of it tired. Bullets rip into foreheads, throats cut in close-up—a steady ool for a red, pitiless war-state that flows pitilessly from the mouths of muddy veterans as they perish from gunshot or machine. The key moment in all this, though, precedes the carnage: Earlier in this tale of war-weary staging a rescue of an imprisoned African leader (Winston Ntshona), doubtersaid by their copper-magnate employer (Steven Granger), one of the two war Richards

(Giers), debunking the idea of the mission, says to the other (Richard), "I'm getting too old—and so are you." Their pretenses speak volumes about mercenary spirit.

We're moving into *The Dirty Dozen* country, and if director Andrew McLaglen manages to keep the warbo heroics on their routine course, he also lacks the sledgehammer vulgarity of a Robert Aldrich, which might have lent them that extra zip. In its treatment of violence, *The Wild Geese* wastes a serious audience when Roger Moore ferre-furds strychnine-laced beer to a peck mobster (David Ladd, son of Alan, husband of Cheryl), there are some laughs at the comic participation of Moore's detachment and the drink's grossness. As the body count increases, that warlike sense can catch in the throat.

Not much gets through the all-pervasive impersonality of the programme.



Moore getting too old to cut it

The stars certainly aren't memorable, but there are a few incidental pleasures. It's fun recognizing the familiar faces of some British veterans as Jack Watson, Russell Prater and Percy Herbert. Herbert has been found down in a virtual walk-on. He's the lucky one.

John Lownsbrough

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A medical show breathes new life and possibility into a stifled medium

By William Casselmann

Swag is a clinical voice and vivid. I died in surgical green, a pale, blonde boy named Peter Chagnon lies supine on an operating table and awaits the knife. Peter, at 31, has endured open-heart surgery twice before. Scar tissue will make this third cutting of his heart more difficult. Yet the entire operation will be filmed and released as an autumn's new startling program, NBC's *Lifeline*.

Snapping for close-ups, the camera finds Peter's sweet, vulnerable face, records the pulse and deliberate breaths of a little boy, whom with an averted heart. Outside the operating room, lying on a gurney not, flowing with pre-operative medication. Peter grips the steel "wheels" on the wall with his doctor's felt pen, then looks up and asks the surgeon, Dr. Paul Short, a question: "He going to use the needle on the mask when he puts me to sleep?" Black, please?"

Nave around the dragged ponderer a smooth-throated surgeon while. Now the surgeon holds in a object poised above the swathed chest, needle, blade of apt name. For as precise Latin vocabulary means "the little arrow." "Shall I start any time now?" we cry loud and again with hymns's horror, noting the body violated, lustroous gets exposed? No, let us keep watch and be astonished. Not stood or pushed or planged in the scalpel. With graceful stroke the surgeon makes slender wound at Peter's chest, straight down the perfect midline over the sternum. Dr. Short makes his incision, as the steel way a lowering allows a quiet pond, engraving a momentary arrow on the water's surface. Where metal and flesh connect, flesh drinks like obedient stone.

I had always supposed that surgeons by temperament bent in check a rightly aggressive and allowed it out cut by cut as they wheeled through the bright and moist of the human body. Now, for the first time—on a TV show at all places—I discover that surgery can be an act of love. Risky, nervous work—yes—but

love, too. And I learn this not from *Gray's Anatomy* but from hard-earned it as the bladders of a surgical anesthesiologist, but from patterns in TV, edited for melodrama, also for medical clarity. TV can be more than "cheering gas for the eyes."

The format of *Lifeline* is simple: we follow one doctor—this week a surgeon, perhaps next week an obstetrician—through surgical situations, glimpsing tidbits of his private life and observing his patients. Busy hospital scenes are

by a doctor, explains most of what we see in terms laymen understand. *Lifeline* writers, however, could be more generous with medical information. Some surgical facts by transmitted on the sound track. One feels production want as left somewhat mystified to get we retain awe, like villagers gibbering around a shaman.

Finally the artery is made wide enough for life. A Teflon graft thumps happily at the edge of the surgical heart, as the medical team prepares to close the chest hole, flap by flap.

A clock performs its calculations. Pade to black. The nurse leads to remove an intravenous tube. With a house stream Peter yags, "No more. Don't touch me. It hurts." He says good. He sits up. Nurse: "What do you want for lunch, Peter?" Boy: "A taco . . ." Nurse laughs. Boy laughs.

What is the perfect medical TV show? From the film library of medical. We reject the smallest quick dispensed by *Nurses* *Wells*. We skip above the smirks of *Richard Chamberlain's* Dr. Kildare. *Lifeline* is a beginning. But face of the show should worry. It's on

Fred Silverman's son. Mr. Silverman's stand date to an idea what *Cosmo* does to an surgeon. I don't want *Lifeline* to become dumb surgery. The snap of the great schoolteacher's pudgy fingers could do it.

In the last scene Peter's father hugs his son tight and says, "What's it go home." Gaining home. Peter pulls on his faded blue jeans, strings up scuffed Adidas, comb his hair with one stroke of a hand. Together father and son set off slowly down the long corridor to the parking lot and daylight. The boy may have to return, Dr. Short has warned. Hope not.

I think of another price who awakes from a dream, a little girl named Dorothy. "But anyway, Toto, we're home and this is my room and you're all here and I'm not going to leave ever again, because I love you all and . . . Austin Ren, there's no place like home."



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A task for De Tocqueville, maybe, but not for an ordinary scribe

By Alan Fotheringham

There are only two men really capable of covering a federal-provincial conference. One is an English reporter, Professor Henry Hazen, aka George Little. The French don't care what they do, actually, as long as they pronounce it properly. The other is a French one, Alexis de Tocqueville. "Every central government suppresses uniformity, uniformity releases it from inquiry into its reality of details, which must be attended to if rules have to be adapted to different men, instead of indiscriminately subjecting all men to the same rule."

To survive the apocalyptic complexity of the arguments of the weakening prime minister who supposedly governs us all, and the bumbling premiers who are stalling to back him in his few, requires not a political scientist but a semantist crossed with a philosopher masquerading as a shrink. Many scribblers are stumped. This is a job for mere confused minds.

What goes on, in that Ottawa railway station converted to the ambience of a Gothic bank interior with Pictorialist high purpose and the sterility of Gordon Robertson's peasant face, is an unending struggle between two contradictory traditions. Pierre Trudeau's stubborn insistence that the constitution must be revised from its indigenous, established setting just beside the Thames before anything else can be discussed is a logical extension of his compartmentalized Gothic mind. The French mind values above all precision. The French mind can no more understand why the Englishman cannot recognize his own life than it can comprehend why the Anglo-Saxons can exist without a written constitution. If a chap in money in the bedroom, how can he raise a country properly? Fifty million dollars still shake their logic to powder.

What is going on, really, in that echo chamber of the recycled direct misstatements, is the tedious renewal of the summering resentment between two different temperaments. The English

resistance to madding through, on achieving consensus by being precise, conflicts with the high demands of the humorless-Trudeau-Lalonde literary, i.e., that which is not written down is worthless and those who do not want to embrace principles in chopped pieces are doomed to anarchy.

So we have, 81 years after the Balfour declaration set in motion the independence that keeps this country legally a colony, a federal-provincial conference as they called it, without realizing the reasons why. Here is Peter Loughheed,



prime of all the Albertas, settling into a softness of face and thickness of body that gives him the appearance of teetering on the edge of porosity as he eases his way through the fringes of observation and titled futurism in Ottawa outside who now realize he has more clout with his obscure oil and gas wealth than all but a few of the insiders. Loughheed, bred to resentment of Ottawa, had a grandfather who was government leader in the Senate and recently further being told by Trudeau that he is part of the failure to make Canada a respectable country by patting the nasty BSA document.

Here is Alfred Blakeney of Saskatchewan, once the silver-tie-pants pool boy of the Dominion, now going through the mental barrier of "have-not" so "have" province so swiftly the Indian-bred natives of OMAHA officials have been caught with their perceptions down around their shoes. Blakeney, the ultimate Canadian, dull, no small talk. Maritime-born and now Prince-

geville, that domesticating young hand as the water that could only come from the plains, even his hardest printing here—as Prof. Hazen would detect—within 50 miles of his berth. The one premier whose intellect is not intimidated by Trudeau (perhaps for the same reason, the two have spent their lives in anarchy, civil service and then politics. Neither one inflated by real life. The word free to conceptualize.)

With those two, the new resuscitators of the west, there is a strange, effective alliance against the stable-born, slightly confused Cartesian structure of the Trudeau-Lalonde logic. Loughheed is the rigid Tory, ruler of the same kind of one-party democracy that the Liberals once enjoyed. Blakeney is the small-c conservative socialist, the intellect married with Loughheed's muscle. The good cop and the bad cop, misreading the beleaguered leader of the Liberals who are completely dead as a provincial party in the four western provinces, near to dead federally.

As a kit man, there is the often embarrassing Lester Logie of Manitoba, the only premier in the land who still feels a knee to the groin in high-level debate is acceptable tactics.

Patley Bill Dorn of pedigreed Ontario, the master of civilizationalism, whose meandering syntax is as of a tuft pulled caught in a briar patch, tips-toes his way into national obscurity.

René Lévesque sits and watches, half in boredom, half in lamentation, perhaps the only man who realizes the problem. It is not a difference in substance, really, but a disagreement in approach, the stiff, inflexible Trudeau insisting on precise documentation, the impetuous Anglo-Saxons more concerned with good faith and many handshakes. Reporters are superfluous here; what you need is a behavioral scientist. Coast de Tocqueville said it all on one of his 1825 dispatches: "A man finds it almost as difficult to be inconsistent in his language as to be consistent in his conduct."



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